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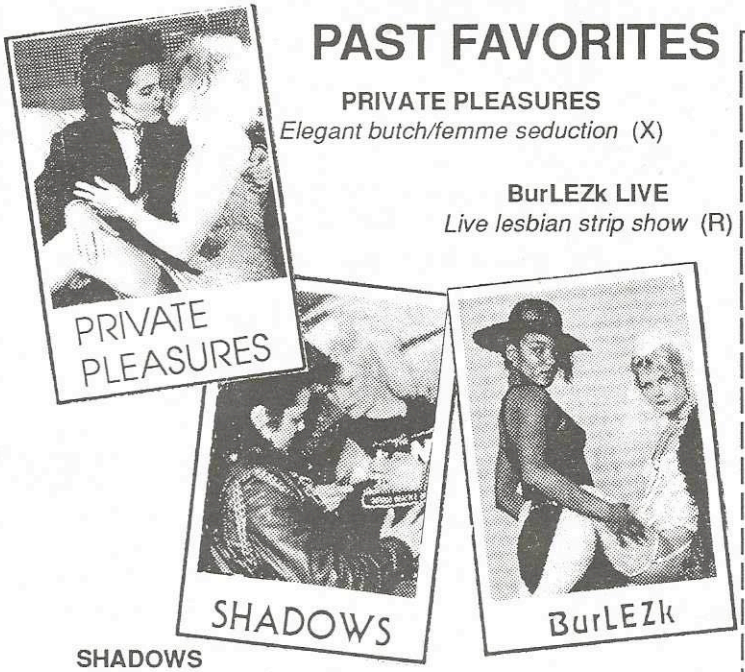

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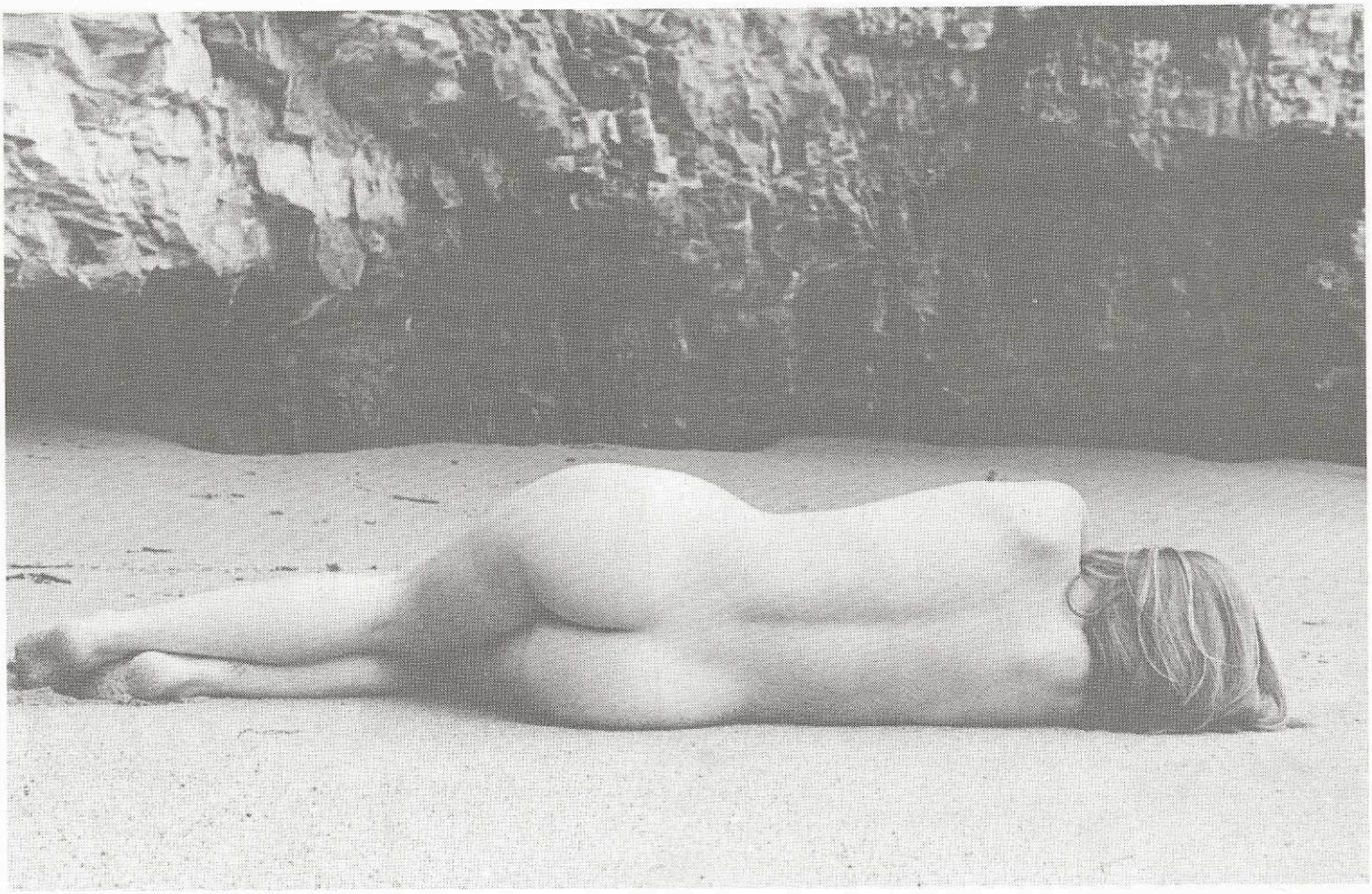

J. A. Cherry

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Okay, so the first time I ever read an issue I was giggly, embarrassed, blushing, a little shocked...not really sure if I liked it. Now, several issues later I have come to the realization that *On Our Backs* is a valuable breath of fresh air in the often stilted, "politically correct" and very closeted Nashville community. I support your efforts, your writers, your photographers and all the artists who make it happen.

And gee, now I'm answering a personal ad. Who knows? Next thing, I may take out an ad or get a subscription (when my tax money comes back, maybe).

As a lesbian therapist–in–training and, more importantly, as a dyke, I say thank you. I appreciate your existence.
Anne Marie Talbott
Monfressboro, TN

I would like to address the subject of safe sex. It's wonderful to have safe sex articles in your magazine for education and keeping the women's community informed. However, if we just read the articles and don't use the information given to us, what's the point?

I would really like to see some safe sex practiced in your photos or at least a disclaimer stating that the women involved have made a personal choice to play in this fashion. (They've both tested HIV–negative, low–risk, whatever). I want my sisters to all be here 20 years from now and feel there could be a powerful message through photographs. There is no fuck, no matter how passionate, that's worth a woman's life!

And bravo to Nikki Vilna Feist for her article "Radical Femm-ists." I'd love to see more high heels on the dance floor!
Celeste
Seattle, WA

Setting up and photographing an erotic pictorial takes a great deal of consideration and personal attention to the models and photographers' needs, above and beyond the question of safe sex. Their HIV status is none of our readers' business and our determination of their "risk" would be a highly inappropriate opinion. If you learn about all the factors involved in creating a fantasy image, you'll see how no "disclaimer" can do justice to what is a sensitive and individual process.

When On Our Backs *runs articles on AIDS and safer sex, you can count on us to be clear, explicit, and to illustrate what we're talking about!*

And if you want to know what HIV+ women feel about fantasies wrapped in dental dams, see my column in this issue on p. 7. — Editor

In reference to menstrual blood and AIDS: my lover and I are very active during our periods. Since we are both monogamous (together for 12 years) and non–drug users, contact with menstrual blood causes us no problems.

We believe the concerns for contact with menstrual blood are founded for those women who have several partners.

Let it be said that there are some women who are still able to enjoy menstrual blood safely.
Martha
Little Rock, Arkansas

We appreciate your enthusiasm for sex during menstruation. It's a time when many women are uncomfortable or embarrassed to make love, which fear of AIDS only intensifies.

Your warning to lesbians "with several partners" is inaccurate, however, in the sense that having several partners per se does not "give" you AIDS. Gloves and dams can be used as protective barriers, whether you're fucking one woman or a hundred. "Using drugs" doesn't pass the virus, it's sharing needles that introduces the possible risk. If we can be precise and attentive about risk factors and safer sex techniques, we can avoid the kind of prejudice and suspicion that gets levelled against menstruation and sex.

I am writing in response to Debra Ann Wills' so–called review of Tigress' newest release, "Hayfever." She used the article more as a soap box for her own opinions on lesbian erotica rather than a fair examination of the video. She condemns the cowgirl image as country bumpkin (using a photo of the comic characters rather than one of the hotter shots I've seen). Not all of us get turned on by black leather and chains. Watching women dance, kiss, ride horses, play music and make love all in colorful Western drag is a fantasy many of us can relate to. Where was her sense of humor and adventure? I don't think she appreciated the spirit of the video.

To quote her, "Tigress needs to have a more forward looking and provocative

(continued on page 5)

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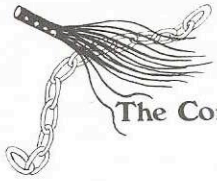

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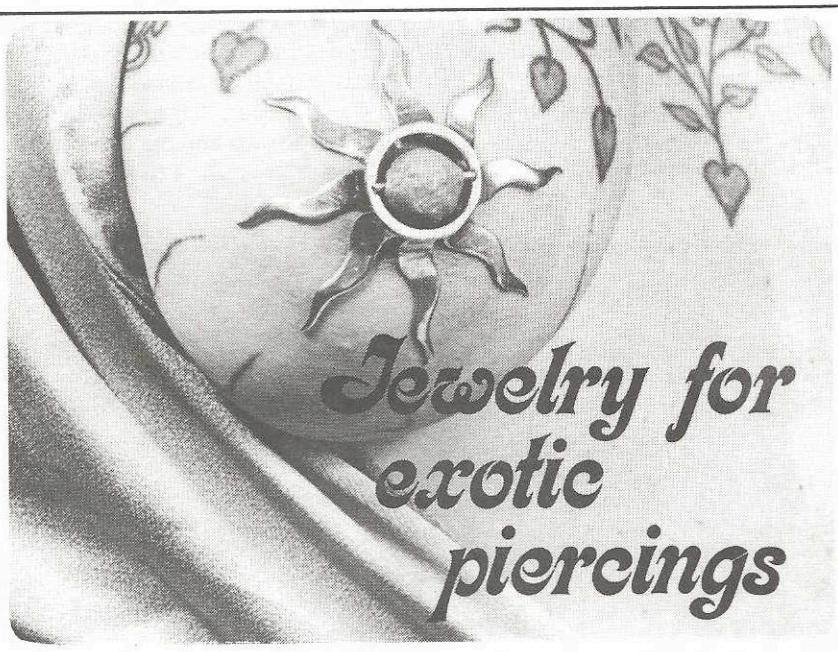

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approach...recognize the power and responsibility their medium has in influencing lesbian sexual identity." Heady stuff, considering the photo on the opposite page — someone tonguing a Barbie doll! Not much trend–setting there.

There are so many ways to show women loving women. "Hayfever" certainly has a delightfully entertaining place in the field of lesbian erotica. Get over it, Debra, and enjoy!
Hillbilly from Humboldt

I'd like to respond to the letter from Susan M. of Tulsa, Oklahoma that appeared in the Jan.–Feb. '89 issue of *On Our Backs*. She refers to bisexual women who read the magazine as "weasel humpers" and writes that they should stop "crashing this party" and "buy more appropriate reading material."

As a bisexual woman, I can tell you I'm no "weasel humper." I've been fucking my lesbian lover for the last three years — not furry, rodently things (though who knows what women in Oklahoma do). My lover would never tell me to go elsewhere to learn new ways of pleasing her. Where? *Playgirl?* I'm not a tourist in the dyke world. I live here, and I don't plan on leaving, even if she leaves me for another woman, which is more likely than my leaving her for a man.

Besides, purity isn't what *On Our Backs* is about. It's about women who love women, not women who don't fuck men. If all the women who DO fuck men were tossed out, I wonder what would remain of *On Our Backs'* subscriber base, given the latest figures on lesbians' sex practices. (The *Village Voice*,in an article on "Lesbians and AIDS," claims that a recent Kinsey Study found that 46% of women who identify as lesbians have had sex with men at least once since 1980.)

You're right, Susan, where bi culture has flourished in this country, it is different from lesbian culture. But no sex mag for bi women by bi women has yet been started. When the first issue comes out, I'll lay my money down. But even then, I'll still be happy to support *On Our Backs* because I hope to be having "adventurous" lesbian sex for the rest of my life which, in spite of biphobia, I'll continue to lead as a bisexual.
Lucy Friedland
Brookline, MA

We enjoyed your March-April issue erotically. Without a doubt *On Our Backs* is the finest stroke book around. My friends and I absolutely consume your mag until there's nothing left but dog–eared pages. We'd like to see you publish even more often.

We'd also love for you to conduct a survey on favorite videos. We want to know what discoveries your readers have made — what erotic film and video scenes they found to be a good turn–on.

My playmates and I are into golden shower beer parties here in Anaheim. After several competitions, we have a world class "liner." From behind a chalk line in the garage our winner can hit a catch–bucket over two feet away! The applause can be heard all over this suburban neighborhood. Besides being a great turn–on, it sure makes us thirsty. We have it all on video tape for replay on cold winter nights.
C.C. LaTange
Anaheim

I live in **Northhampton Massacussetts and am a major in Women's Studies at the University of Massachusets at Amherst.** I was greatly saddened by the closing of Womonfyre Books. Northampton is a very oppressive community for anyone into leather and, as you know, the only bookstore that sold *On Our Backs* within a 50–mile radius is now closed. Since they closed I have talked to Rose, an owner of Lunaria (the new feminist bookstore) and tried to persuade her to carry *Bad Attitude, Outrageous Women,* and *On Our Backs*. While Rose insisted she was not a censor, she still refused to carry any of the above publications, as she deemed them pornographic. I have gone to various other local bookstores and asked repeatedly that *On Our Backs* be made available. The Glove bookstore in Northhampton currently advertises that it carries The *Satanic Verses,* but has informed me that *On Our Backs* "is too explicit," and is in "philosophical contradiction" to how they feel "the human body should be presented."

A few weeks ago one of my Women's Studies professors told my class to go picket outside *The Amherst Newsroom,* a local newsstand. Allison Decker, a *Playboy* bunny, was inside auto graphing her picture as a promotion for the magazine. I didn't picket, but instead went inside and had my copy of *Playboy* autographed and a polaroid picture taken of myself standing next to Allison. Two reporters interviewed me. I gave them my schpiel about how I was pro–First Amendment, and thought that anybody old enough to read *Playboy* or anything else should be able to do so. I said that I was struggling to write porn myself. Besides, I told them, if they censor *Playboy* they will surely censor me, in fact, I may be first. Lesbian magazines simply do not have the money for lawyers like the mainstream publications do, I explained.

When I told my women's studies professor what I said to the reporters she told me that by my actions I was "contributing to the rape, torture, murder and death of women everywhere." She told me that pornography and S/M were pro–death and that I was pro–death too. She then told me that she no longer wanted to sponsor an independent study project which I had contracted with her.

Just wanted to write and let you know what's going on around here. I think *On Our Backs* is just great. Thank you for a wonderful magazine.
Jennifer Fox
Northampton, MA

"Peppermint," by Jewels Kuchen, was in exceedingly poor taste. It perpetuates a negative image of lesbians as perverts who are into bestiality. Aren't there laws against such things?
Glenda W.
San Francisco, CA

I loved your story, "Peppermint" in last month's issue. I have always found dogs to be very erotic and sensual animals. I wonder how many other people have discovered that dogs are women's best friend?
Dorothy Z.
Kansas City, Kansas

OVER THE DAM

Jill Posener *Courtesy Stormy Leather*

Susie Sexpert Reports:

I'm a spontaneous public speaker. I may not have stood on a soapbox yet, but I've delivered a call to arms from a milk crate. Controversy just adds to my stage hots. Nothing warms me up like a high school sex education class where the first student asks, "Why are lesbians so fat and ugly?" And on those special occasions, when an elite event can be delightfully disrupted by a single clear voice, I'm in SRO heaven. I mean, I didn't plan to get up in the War Memorial Opera House and ask Susan Sontag what exactly she thought of lesbian-made porn, but I'm so glad I did. The look of disbelief on her face was worth the thousand words she didn't say.

Consequently, when the AIDS Foundation asked me to speak on a Women's AIDS panel last month, I didn't hesitate — at first. As the coordinator, Marsha, explained how the panel would be made up of experts on medical, legal and family issues relating to women's concerns, I interrupted her with a start.

"Do you mean that the audience I'll be speaking to is women *with* AIDS?

"Well, either that, or their partners, or simply seropositive women who may or may not be symptomatic," she explained.

My head swam. My mouth mumbled through the date and time with her. I suppose I sounded ideal when I told her that this was the kind of safe sex education I'd wanted to do for ages. I told her I didn't want to be Ms. Condom anymore, that I was ready for the nitty gritty.

But the truth was, I'm scared shitless of the nitty–gritty. I have been raving for years that women, and in particular lesbians, have to own up to AIDS' effect on our lives. But now I was going to speak to a whole room of women living with AIDS, and I felt like I had a date with the devil and the deep blue sea.

Women with AIDS are faced with isolation, invisibility and outright ostracism — the worst kind of vulnerability. To meet these women, en masse, was to go into the lions' den, as far as I was concerned. Here I thought I'd finally got my own AIDS-phobia wiped out, and then it grabbed me by the neck.

Even after my own trepidation was dealt with, I knew this event would shake me up. There is virtually no information or resources for women with AIDS, and *that* is both sickening and scary.

There were about 100 people gathered in the lecture hall. As I found out during our discussion, about half were AIDS caregivers, and the others were HIV+ women and their lovers. A significant group of lesbians attended. But the part that got me, the stupid obvious thing I didn't expect, was that most of the affected women were so young. I met a couple of middle-aged seropositive women, but the rest were in their 20's. The caregivers in the crowd were the ones who looked like they needed nutrition and exercise. It was the HIV+ women who sparkled, the kind of girl you would notice walking down the street.

Of course, this was an unusual group; these are the women who take the most activist, pressing role in their diagnosis and treatment. I met the women who knew that a panel like this existed, and they must be in the minority.

I began my talk by explaining I could learn much more from them than they could by me. The mainstream has no information about HIV+ women's sexuality, so we can only start at the ground floor and share each other's experience. I wasn't about to give a condom– on–a– banana talk to a group of people who are dealing with the idea that their very body is poisonous. The crucial identity point for women with AIDS is that, like all women, they were raised to be fearful and ignorant of sexual desire, to be estranged from their bodies. To then be infected with the stigma of AIDS must feel like the ultimate denial of anything good, enriching and *female* about sexual experience.

A woman struggling with AIDS–phobia and her own positive diagnosis is confronted with the dilemma of loving and healing her sexuality in a way she has likely never prepared for before. Of course, many women won't deal with it, ever. They will become celibate, unsexual, antierotic.

I asked the audience to jot down on a slip of paper some quick thoughts on a series of questions I had.

I wanted to know, since their HIV+ diagnosis, did they:

a) have more or less sex with a partner,

b) masturbate more or less,

c) give up some sexual practice they really loved and what was it, and,

d) start up a *new* sexual practice they loved, and what was that.

I asked the partners of the infected women to answer for themselves, and for all others who are not HIV+, to answer the questions as if they were seropositive and had to make such decisions.

I madly counted up the replies during the rest of the panel. The biggest surprise was the difference between the people who "have it" and the people who don't. I would say the non–infected respondents were more pessimistic — the attitude that if we were diagnosed positive tomorrow, we'd just crawl into a casket and wait to be carted away.

The majority, in every case, said they

had *less* sex with a partner since their diagnosis. But 32% of the HIV+ women said they had either the same or more sexual relations with their lover, which I think is a sizeable minority. These women are staying close to their sexual life.

Fifty–seven per cent also said they masturbated as much or more than usual, but in this case, it was the large minority, the 43% who masturbate *less*, that made me sad. There is zero risk in making love to oneself, and yet when sexual self–esteem goes out the window, masturbation seems to be one of the most potent experiences that gets cut.

Seventy–nine percent of the HIV+ women, and 90% of their partners, said they had given up something very important to them: unprotected oral sex. I have *never* seen a group of people get this hot under the collar about cunnilingus.

After all these years of the dildo wars, pitting one dyke against the next as to whether she liked to get fucked or not, it was refreshing to hear people demanding the pleasure of oral sex for its own fabulous merits, not because it is "egalitarian," or politically correct. I will never eat pussy the same way again!

But check it out. Fifty percent of the audience said they had incorporated *new* sexual behavior that they would never want to give up. The most commonly listed thing was vibrators and fantasy scenes.

The big difference here between infected versus non–infected responses was that the people who are not seropositive imagine that they would turn to more gentle, sensuous foreplay type activities if they were practicing exclusive safe sex. The seropositive group, however, immediately understood the orgasmic intent of my question and told me what they needed and wanted to *get off*.

Two HIV+ women did say they now enjoyed "gentleness" and "more sensitive communication," but I could tell by the rest of their list that they were lovers with men. One straight woman said how she now loved getting finger–fucked, and all I could think of was, "You had to wait for this?!"

Something puzzled me about the furor over oral sex. On one hand, all the women who spoke up about it seemed convinced that mouth to pussy contact was no risk if the woman wasn't bleeding or suffering any cuts, sores, blisters, etc. Certainly the absence of blood or semen makes a powerful argument for no-holds-barred cunnilingus.

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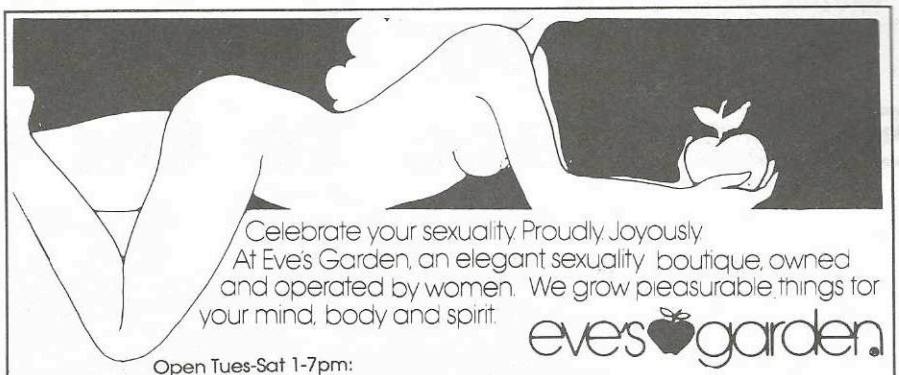

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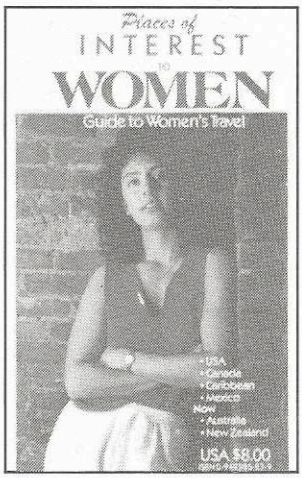

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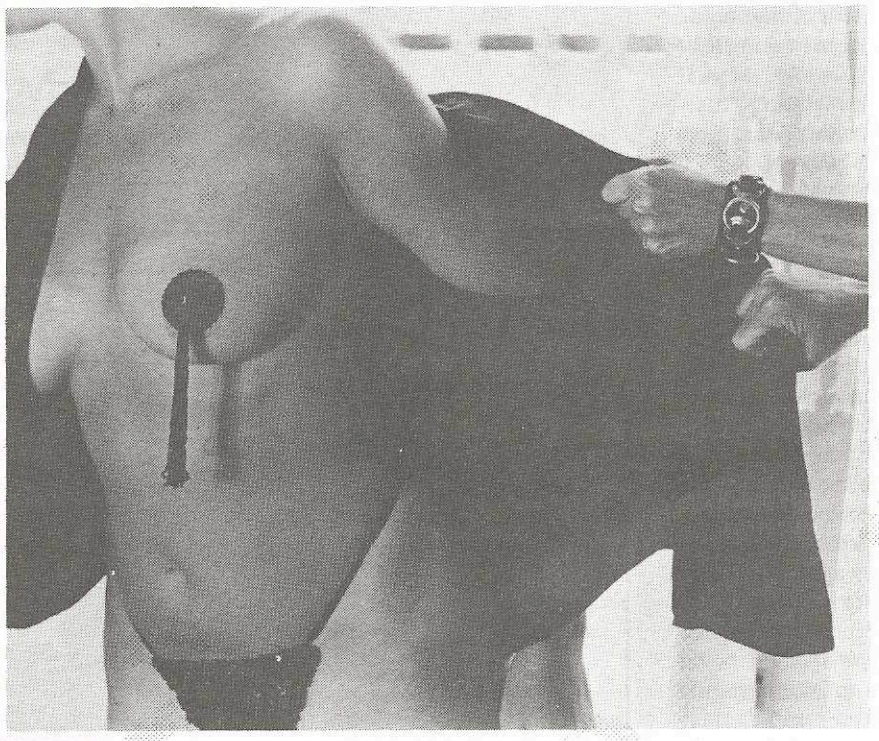

Typical Excuses

#1 "I look at someone else's copy."

A. You're an erotic parasite and it's time you put your money where your clit is.

#2 "I'm a closet case and I'm afraid someone will see your lurid mag in my mailbox."

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#3 "I didn't know you depended on subscriptions to keep alive."

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#4 "I mean to but keep forgetting."

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First Times

True Stories by Greta Christina

Phyllis Christopher

What was it like to be sexual when I was little?

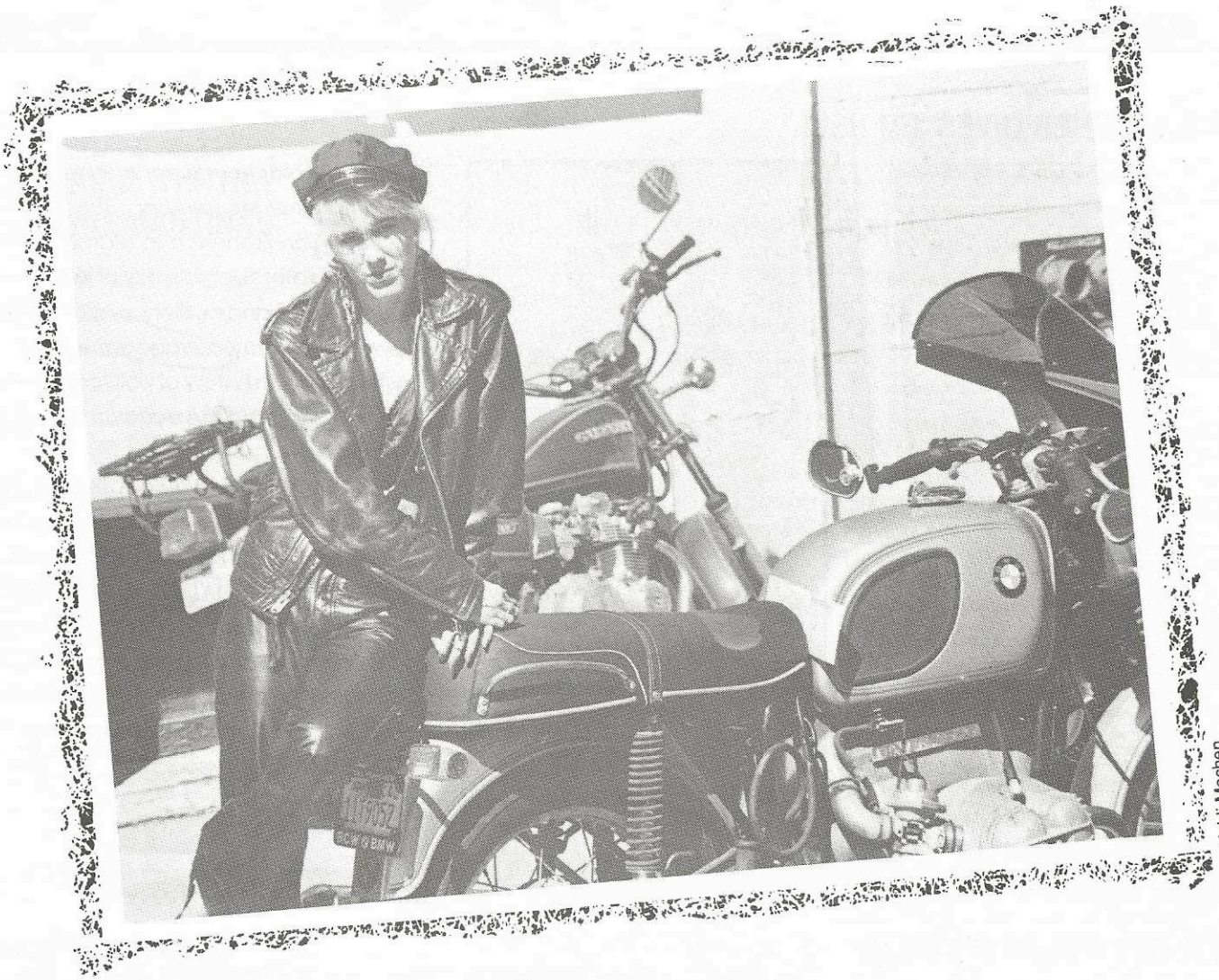
I've been asking myself that a lot lately. So often I think of passion and lust as one of the privileges of adulthood: a gift, a new toy I suddenly picked up at around age fifteen, one that I spent a few years playing with before I figured out how it really worked. Or maybe compensation for having to grow up, like buying whiskey and driving and leaving the dishes to rot in the sink. I've become so accustomed to my adult sexuality, so used to full breasts and hairy cunts, to moans and screams and heavy breathing, to licking and fucking and coming like crazy, that I tend to forget there was ever any other way to be sexual. Could my present sexual feelings be so overwhelming that the older experiences and memories are lost in the flood? I doubt it. More likely, I've absorbed the world's image of little girls as cuntless angels, transforming overnight into 14-year-old nubile virgin nymphets; like smooth pink caterpillars transforming into some gaudy flirtatious winged thing, almost unrecognizable as the same species, much less the same being.

I've been doing some remembering, though. Some of what I'm remembering is how my body felt at age six, or eight, or eleven: how it felt to press my legs together tight and feel my stomach go all tingly, how a sudden glimpse up my

(continued on page 37)

I'm no good at getting rid of people

this chick looked like Marianne Faithfull only
she had a glass eye she'd pop out for you and
she kept rambling about dysentery and herpes of the face
she thought I had herpes of the face because
I had a bruise on my forehead from
banging into a wall at 4 in the morning two days ago
and I couldn't set her straight because I was
sprawled out on the kitchen counter on my fifth margarita
fascinated by my shoes and all I could do was
cackle in appreciation and bury my head in Sharon's lap while
the chick that looked like Marianne Faithfull with a glass eye
insisted that I go see her very sympathetic gynecologist
about my facial herpes or dysentery or
whatever it was she thought I had
I told her it was just a bruise but she said
no it's not there's something wrong with your blood
I'm psychic I can tell and anyway you should
go see my doctor I see him once a week for my gonnorhea I'm serious
then she went into the bathroom and started
fondling the bras drying on the towel rack and singing an aria
Sharon and Whitney were cracking up and I was pissed off because
she'd seemed interesting in the bar and she'd
turned out to be an asshole and I was too drunk
to get rid of her and Steban was going to
have to do it for me and
I'm no good at getting rid of people
assholes or otherwise
the chain I'm wearing around my neck
is the present of this chick who was in love with me
and decided to quit her job at Church Street Station
and move in with me
she'd been living in the stockroom and had
nowhere else to go and anyway she was in love with me and
I really liked her even though she made me uneasy sometimes
talking about fights she'd been in and what kinds of
weapons she knew how to use
she was a damn good fuck but I'd want to throttle her afterward
because she'd cough all night and hog the covers and it was
all her fault because she was a chain smoker even if
she did have bronchitis
I was getting claustrophobic and I wanted my bed back but
I never said anything because I'm no good at getting rid of people
and besides her parents had kicked her out at the age of 14 for
being a dyke and she'd been on the road ever since and



Heidi Machen

anyway she told me some great stories about
being a skinhead in LA like the time
she dressed up like Freddy Kreuger and snuck up on this guy
who was tripping on acid and totally freaked him out
she also told me how she got a homosexual discharge from the Marines and
how there was a warrant out for her arrest in Florida for
writing bad checks and how she couldn't stop drinking and drifting and
how her father had raped her when she was 13
she said she wanted someone to share her life with or
maybe she didn't want anyone to share her life with but
she wanted something and she wasn't sure
what it was yet and she
wanted me to tell her what it was one night and
of course I couldn't and she put it down to
my not having done enough drugs
to be on her wavelength
I think she was close to tears but
I had begun to despise her too much to be of much comfort and
she disappeared the next morning and
I don't know if she's dead or alive and
I'm no good at getting rid of people Δ

MS. LEATHER GIVES 'EM HELL

"As a minority people, we leather women and men must continue to validate ourselves, both as individuals and through the organizations we serve — in order to maintain our visibility, our viability, indeed, our very vitality. The very root of that word — "vital" — comes from the Latin "Vita," which means, "Life." Many individuals within our community are dying today, physically and spiritually. We as a people cannot afford to die. My commitment to you as International Ms. Leather 1989 is to maintain a rigorous and vigorous calender to help ensure such a continuation of life for each and all of us. Truly, in 1989, we all must be "Hell Bent for Leather!"

Jill Posener

Stirring words from Susie Shepherd, this year's **International Ms. Leather.** The competition, held in San Francisco in March, boasted its usual breathtaking display of leatherwomen; competitors and audience alike were at their peak of steamy outrageousness. Shepherd, who has a rich history of political activism, lent a social insight to the occasion that otherwise would have been missed.

Susie Shepherd will be appearing at **Leather Weekend** in Guernville, on the Russian River, Northern California the weekend of July 22-23 and at the **Living In Leather IV Conference,** to be held October 6-8 in Portland, Oregon. The conference features workshops, exhibits, vendors and the annual not-to-be-missed Blackout Ball. For information, contact the National Leather Association, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107. Δ

MS.-ERY LOVES COMPANY

"What I don't hear in discussions about masochistic and battered women is recognition of the sheer holding power in a man's totally focused wanting of you."

Huh? Admittedly, we haven't read **Ms.** Magazine in a while. Nevertheless, we were startled to find Judy Simmons' article conclude that "On the psychological map, S & M territory should be marked...`Beyond this point, there be dragons.'"

The article assumes that S/M is identical to battering and abuse; by its nature male-dominant and female-submissive. Of course it is imposed on unwilling but docile women enslaved by their desire to please intimidating, self-centered men. Simmons repeatedly refers to S/M as a contagious disease, to masochists as victims, and equates anal sex with rape! Although Judy dearest "couldn't deny the heightened sexual stimulation of being spanked", she concludes that "S & M takes us into depths that are truly uncharted, ruled by gods, demons and impersonal forces older and larger than any one human being."

Judy, not all of us consider exploring powerful uncharted depths to be a bad thing. Some of us even enjoy it, consciously seek it out, get on our hands and knees and beg for it, grovel and plead to be spanked, whipped, tied down, fucked up the ass...sorry, got carried away.

But what can you expect from a "feminist" magazine whose "Sex and Love in the 90s" issue devotes a fourth of a page to lesbianism (and why celibacy is better) and which quotes JoAnn Loulan as a "marriage and family counselor" without mentioning once that she's a dyke? Δ

COSMO COPS A FEEL

Cosmopolitan, surprisingly enough, presents a reasonably sympathetic and positive picture of lesbian life in their March 89 issue. Observing that "most lesbians look and act pretty much like other women," the article discusses lesbian parenting, maintaining stable relationships in a hostile society, the lesbian bar scene, and, of course, what we do in bed. Amid gushing comments like, What are they really like? Why, they're just like us!, there was a heavy emphasis on life in the closet. The article reached its peak with the news that "no studies have ever found any lesbian who preferred a dildo to other means of achieving orgasm." Let us introduce you to a few.

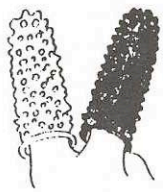
Overall, however, the article was sensitive and open-minded, even acknowledging that "compared to straight women, (lesbians) are more sexually responsive and more sexually satisfied," and that lesbian sex is "more head-to-toe sensual, less goal-oriented, more varied and engaging" than the hetero variety."

So why is the cheezball how-to-give-a-blow-job-without-smearing-your-lipstick **Cosmo** so cool about deviant sex, and the supposedly feminist **Ms.** so uptight about it? If you can explain it to me, I'll let you give me a spanking. I won't enjoy it, of course, but it's important to me to please you by giving in to your sicko desires. Δ

I'LL TAKE A WHITNEY AND TWO MARTINAS

The Whitney

Thrilling Bits, a new by-women-for- women mail-order company in England is selling an unusual line of vibrators and dildos. If you've always been hot for tennis players, they offer the Martina vibrator and the Steffi; if torch singers are your thing, choose between the Whitney and the Marlene. My favorite is the Nancy, an anal vibrator for women 'of small or delicate build.'



Fun Fingers

In addition to advertising toys, books and magazines, Thrilling Bits offers sex information, personal advice on choosing sex toys, and plans to run classified ads in their next issue. For more information, send (one pound) to Thrilling Bits, By Bits, London WCN 3XX. (I'm hoping they come out with a Maggie — do you think Mrs. Thatcher would object?) Δ

HOLIDAY IN FINLAND

When you think of the hot sex capitols of the world, does Finland immediately leap to mind? Well, think again. The **Eroticism and Promotion of Public Health Committee** (can you imagine George Bush organizing that one?) has recommended that Finns be given "sex holidays" to relieve the stresses of daily life and "concentrate on relaxing in erotic pleasure and satisfaction."

The Finnish government has sponsored widespread sex information programs since the 70s, resulting in a dramatic decrease in venereal disease and abortions. The Committee, however, feels that while these programs have been effective, not enough attention is being given to the positive, pleasurable aspects of sex, and advises "a more open discussion of sexual matters."

Whew! Remember, this is the government talking. What must their radical sex deviants be like?

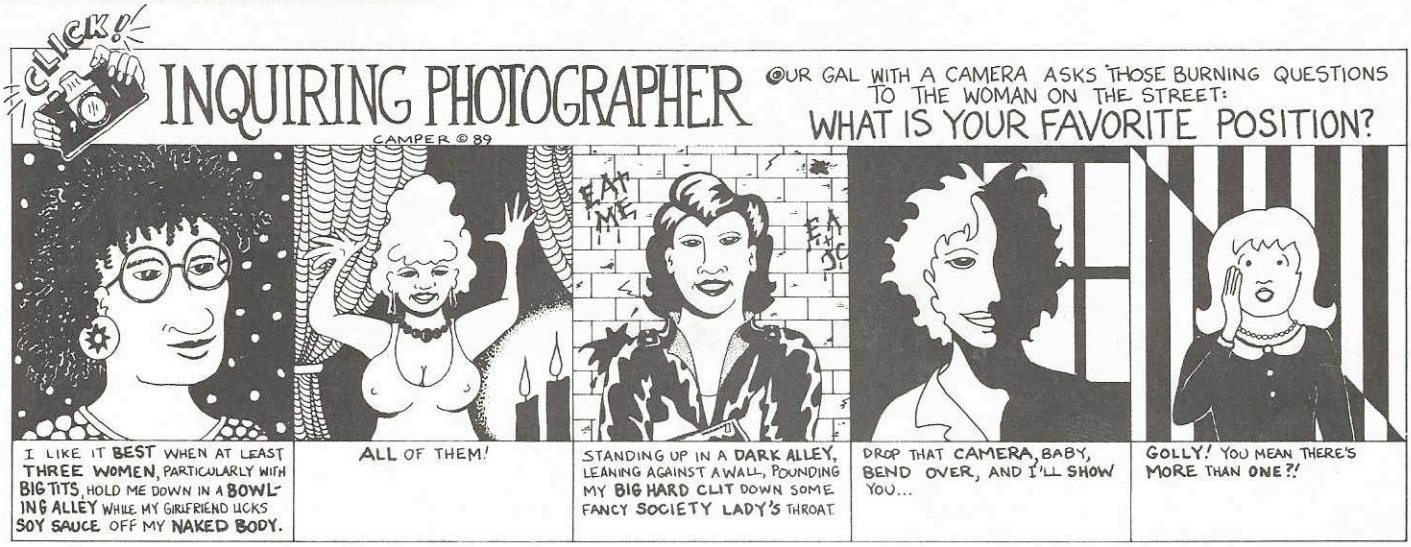
SATANIC SAPPHISTS

The poisonous tendrils of lesbian smut have stretched into an unexpected place. **On Our Backs** recently received a Personals reply from a woman living "in a forgotten land" requesting that we put American postage on her letter, as she was writing from Iran.

A self–described "sex–starved young woman from a cruel country with sinful and forbidden desires," this courageous dyke (name withheld to protect the naughty) somehow got hold of a copy of our magazine and braved the wrath of Khomeini "to be connected to the free world of lust and love and arrive in an erotic paradise." (This refers to the U.S., in case you didn't recognize the description.)

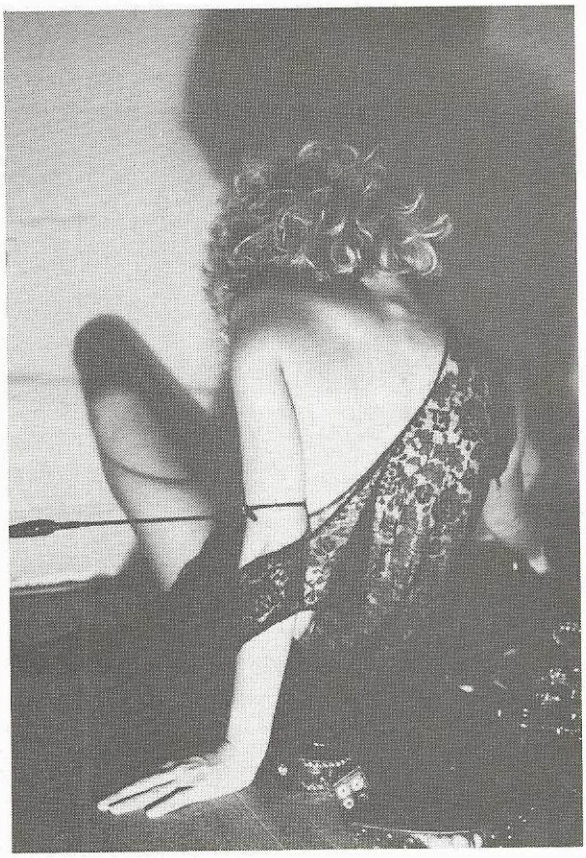
We'll do our best for you, love, but you might have better luck in Finland.

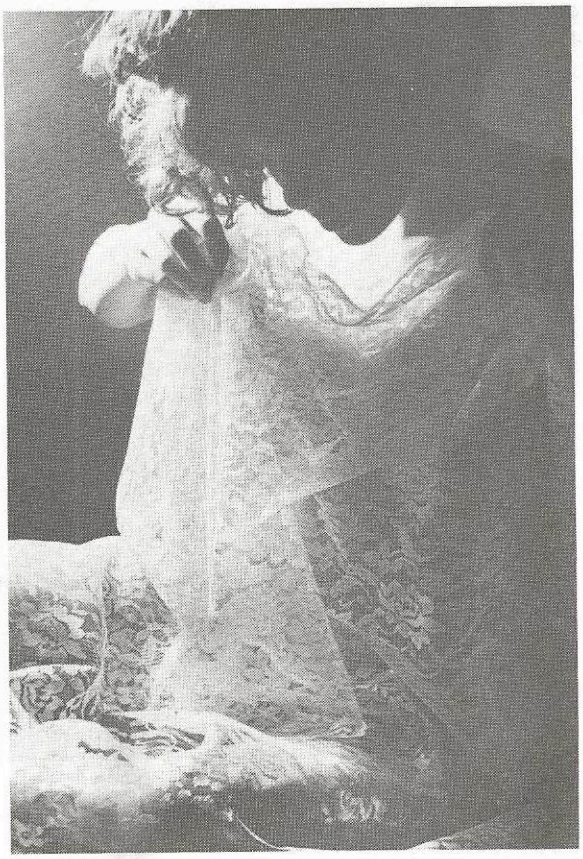
Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts? Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to Sextracts, ***On Our Backs,*** *526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.*


CLICK!
INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER
CAMPER © 89
OUR GAL WITH A CAMERA ASKS THOSE BURNING QUESTIONS TO THE WOMAN ON THE STREET:
WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE POSITION?
I LIKE IT BEST WHEN AT LEAST THREE WOMEN, PARTICULARLY WITH BIG TITS, HOLD ME DOWN IN A BOWLING ALLEY WHILE MY GIRLFRIEND LICKS SOY SAUCE OFF MY NAKED BODY.
ALL OF THEM!
STANDING UP IN A DARK ALLEY, LEANING AGAINST A WALL, POUNDING MY BIG HARD CLIT DOWN SOME FANCY SOCIETY LADY'S THROAT
DROP THAT CAMERA, BABY, BEND OVER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU...
GOLLY! YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE THAN ONE?!
EAT ME
Jennifer Camper

LUSTFUL

LACE





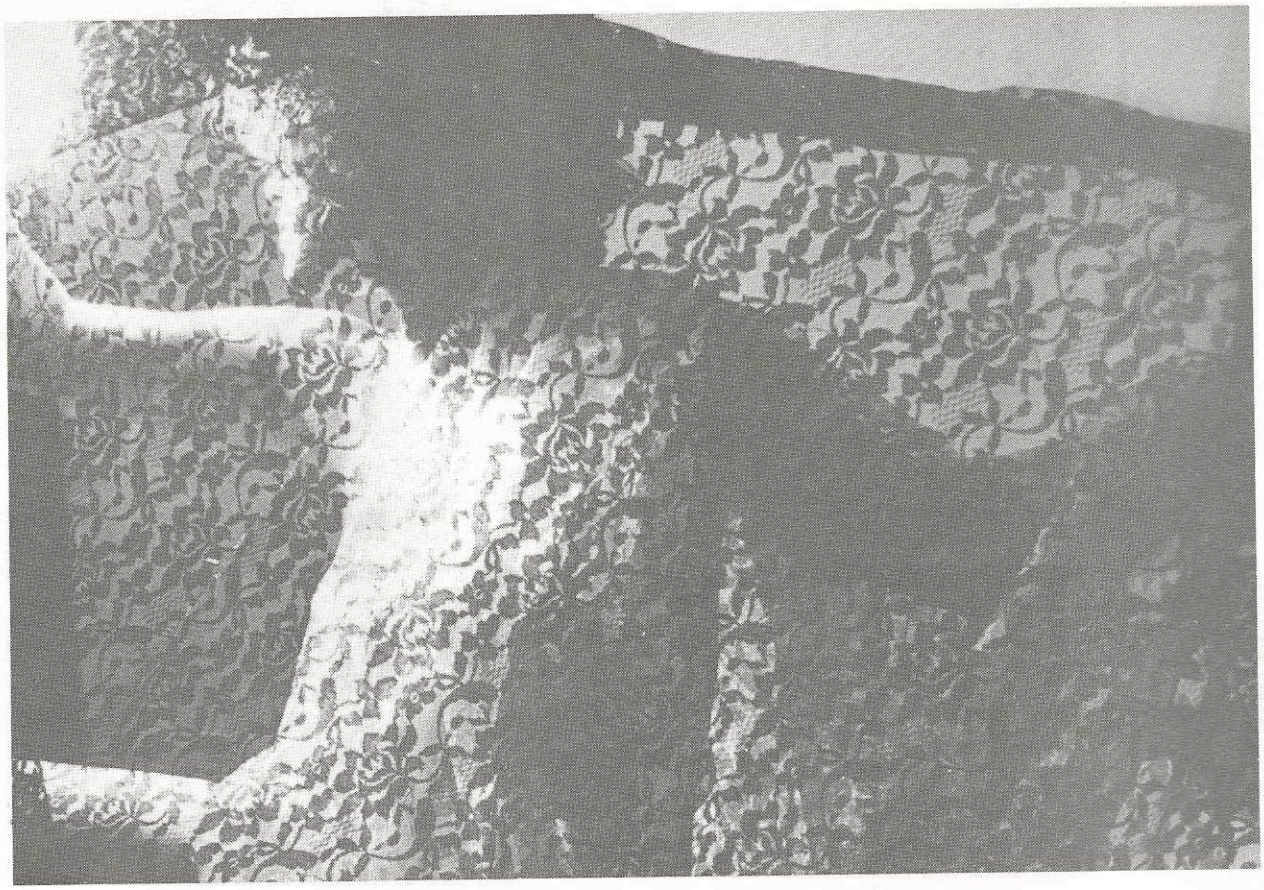
PHOTOGRAPHS

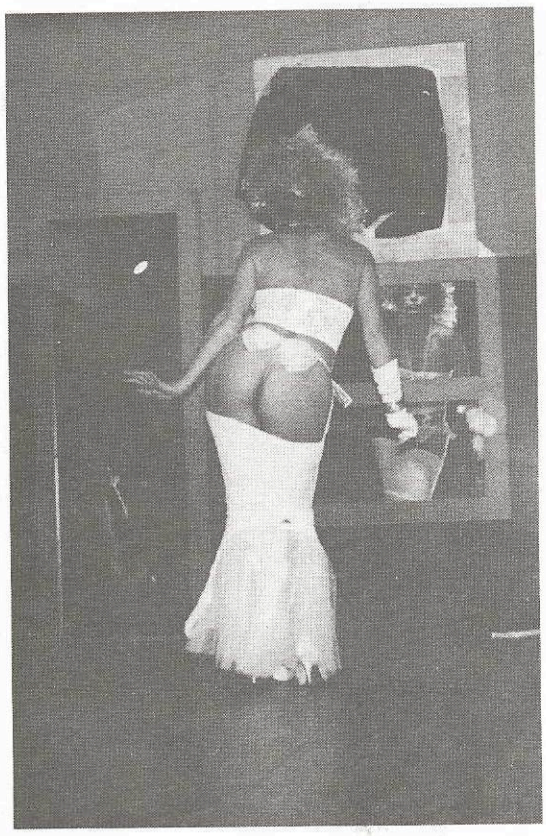
◀ That Page — KELLY DYLAN

This Page (Clockwise) — KATHY MICHAEL

AUDRAN DEAULON

PETRERÉ





PHOTOGRAPHS

◀ That Page (Clockwise from top) PETRERÉ
PETRERÉ
TRACY MOSTOVOY

This Page ➤ LESLEY KUSHNER

Well

ADJUSTED

By Gina Dellatte

The waiting room was quiet. Two tow-headed children, flanking their exhausted mother, studied me unabashedly. I smiled at them, then looked to her. She smiled feebly. I nodded. She continued reading the current issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Enthralling.

"Jillian?" the bubble–headed blonde receptionist called my name. I winced.

"It's just Jill, okay?"

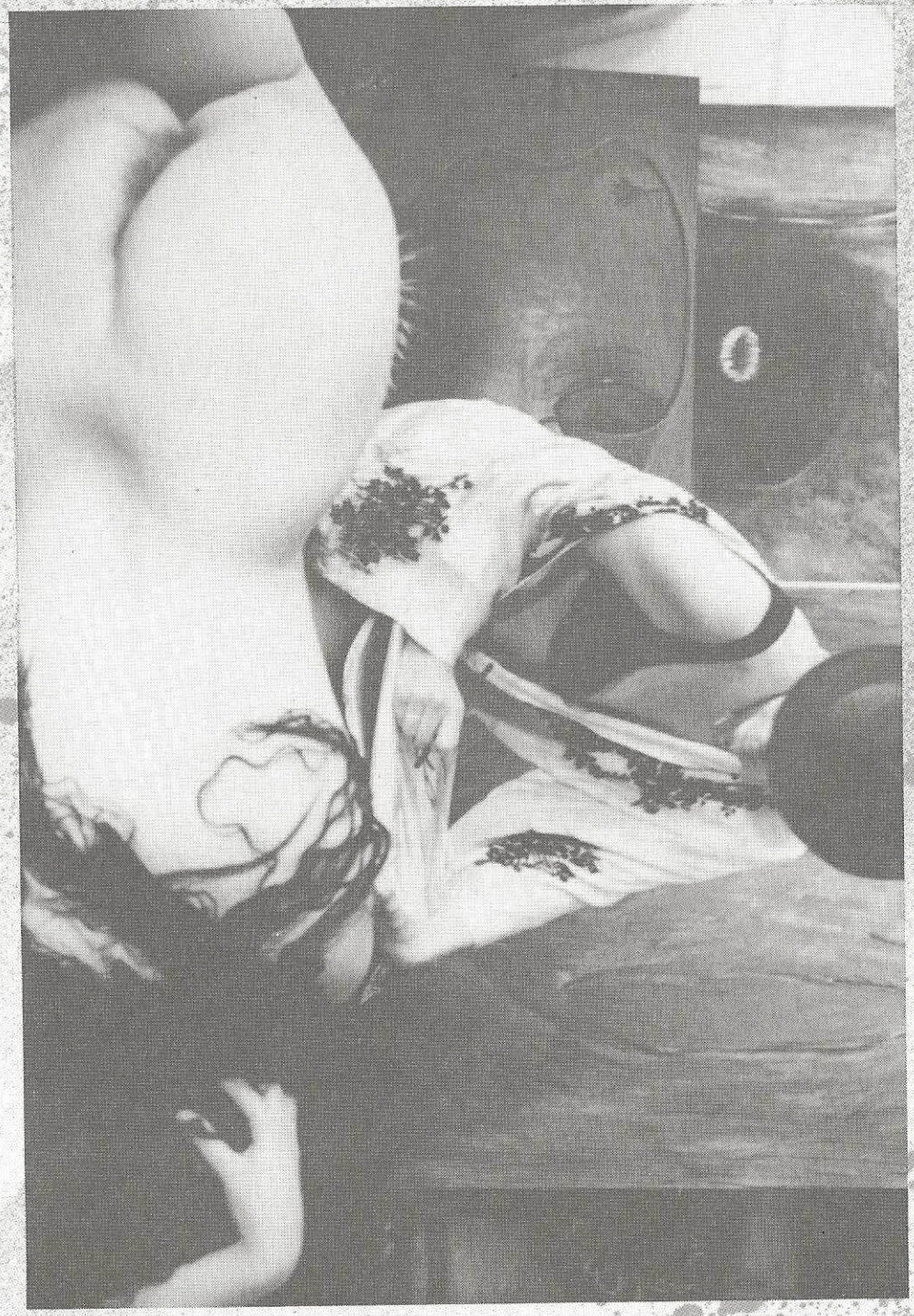
"Whatever." She snapped her Juicy Fruit, and tapped on my record card with one blood–red fingernail. "The doctor will see you now." She was too busy toying with her hair to hear me thank her. Not that I meant it.

With some difficulty, I moved toward Room D, the most secluded of the examination areas. My muscles screamed with every step. I tried to butch it up, to take the pain. Truth was, the physical aching wasn't half what bothered me.

I had been treated by a chiropractor for five years, ever since I'd wrecked my ex's Harley and a few discs as well. In the

(continued on page 44)

Jill Posener



Erica Marcus

A Final Sitting

By minns

The street was quiet; all the warehouses shut down for the night. Upstairs, lofts glowed through the mist like turrets in ancient castles.

I watched my breath steam, amazed it could be so cold in spring. I wondered if Emily remembered to turn on the heat. In the middle of these long sittings I'd often reminded her that, without clothes, the studio was freezing.

It would be so much like her to have forgotten a minor detail like warmth...Emily, Emily, artist and femme fatale, one of the diehards still in love with canvas and paint. When I'd first *(continued on next page)*

(continued from previous page)
applied for the modeling contracts I remember how stunned I was. She reminded me of pictures of the French writer, Colette, all huge eyes and frizzy hair. She was so tiny — and to be painting these mammoth canvasses — often she needed a step–stool to finish the tops! I felt like some Amazon standing in front of her, sure I wouldn't get the job based solely on my height. How could she paint someone so tall?

Of course I was wrong. It was precisely because of my size that she wanted me. Stories flowed; her muse only inhabited women like Athena. Ah, my romantic painter, an anachronism at 35.

Over espresso that first night she blamed it on New England and Europe. Schooled in both, she was stuck in an historical model that allowed little room for the feminine.

"That's why it's so important for me to balance it through love." She laughed at me, those gray–green eyes snapping, her perfect teeth sharp and white as new canvas.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, unsure of exactly what she was trying to tell me.

"My muse is a woman. The only way I can capture her is to fall in love with whomever she inhabits."

"You mean you're gay?" I tried to be cool. It hadn't occurred to me, I mean, this was Emily Danfield Smith, rapidly rising American painter, I mean, Art*News* ran a story on her, I was in grad school, there wasn't time to think of these things. Why was she telling me this?

She must realize I might be scared off— did she think that just because you paid a model to pose you could, you could...? That was so male! I almost threw my coffee into her lap. I started to push away from the table, indignant, choking on my anger. All it took was a touch of those small hands and I sat down again, deflated. Her touch, from the first, held magic. Suddenly I wanted to cry.

"Megan, you're a beautiful woman," she said, "a perfect model for the work I want to begin. I'm not trying to...well, I've found that when I work with younger models it's best to be up front...they inevitably find out about my 'lifestyle' on the grapevine. If they're straight they get worried...if they're lesbian they become more worried!"

Again, she touched my arm lightly. "Smile, it was a joke!" I felt the flesh under my coat sleeve burn. I closed my eyes. Could anyone hear us? What if some of my friends or even a professor walked in?

"I want you to know who I am, about my work, because Meg, if you take the job, you'll become part of that work. Nothing will come between us and the work, trust that. Now, what do you say?"

I looked at the woman across the table. Her hair was a brilliant corona around her head: soft, soft. I wanted to touch it, wanted to reassure her, and myself, that I did understand about her work, had only applied for the job because of her growing reputation.

I wanted, suddenly, to reach out and stroke that fine–boned cheek and let her know I loved her art. In one quick movement, that night she'd made me realize how lonely, how hungry I'd been for so many months. I didn't tell her, then.

It was months later, after the initial opening. Coming back from the reception I asked her up to my loft for a night-

"When I work with younger models it's best to be up front . . ."

cap. She was exhausted but polite, as ever. She thumbed through one of my sketchbooks, smiling that quick, quiet, approving smile. I felt flushed and stammered, "This show is going to make your name, Emily. You'll be able to go anywhere, get any grant, work with any model in the world. No one can take it from you now." I poured brandy into the snifters she'd bought for me when we finished the project. Always, with Emily, there were gifts, tokens for everyone.

The glasses were delicate as the artist. I turned away so she wouldn't see my face, thinking this was the last time we'd be together.

"It's because the model was perfect, inspired as well as inspiring to the artist. I owe the night to you, Megan." Emily crossed the room and gently touched my shoulder.

I turned quickly, spilling brandy, then stooped to wipe it up. She stood in front of me, took my wrists, stood me up.

"I don't want you to ever kneel, not for any reason."

And then, well, I kissed her, my hands pulling on that wild mane, lifting her small face to mine. I was shocked with myself even as I did it — knew also that I'd been half in love with her by the time the second canvas reached completion. But to actualize it — so far from my usual facade! All it took was that first moment of certainty...

Mentor, teacher, and I, content for the first time to play the muse, to glory in what she said about me on that canvas. There was no separation between the work and our love; each brush stroke like her tongue on my flesh, each touch of the sable tip like a mouth at my nipple or thigh.

Emily taught me about making love. It was her greatest work — though she wouldn't believe it when I tried to tell her. She laughed and said I was too young. Some day I'd leave, have enough of erotic adventures. Now she was leaving me.

The studio sat behind the restored library. This section of the city had been renovated, remaindered to working artists and to small companies grown from cottage industries. Emily bid on the greenhouse and won. Now she lived and worked surrounded by the frosted glass. It was a kind of jewel box from the outside. I could tell from the foggy edges of the windows that she had, thank God, remembered to turn on the heat. I pushed the wooden gate open and crossed the library garden. The scents of apple and cherry blossoms filled the darkness. I wondered if this sudden drop in temperature would kill them. Part of me relished the bleak image. Without Emily it would be fitting for the trees to be bare–limbed, desolate.

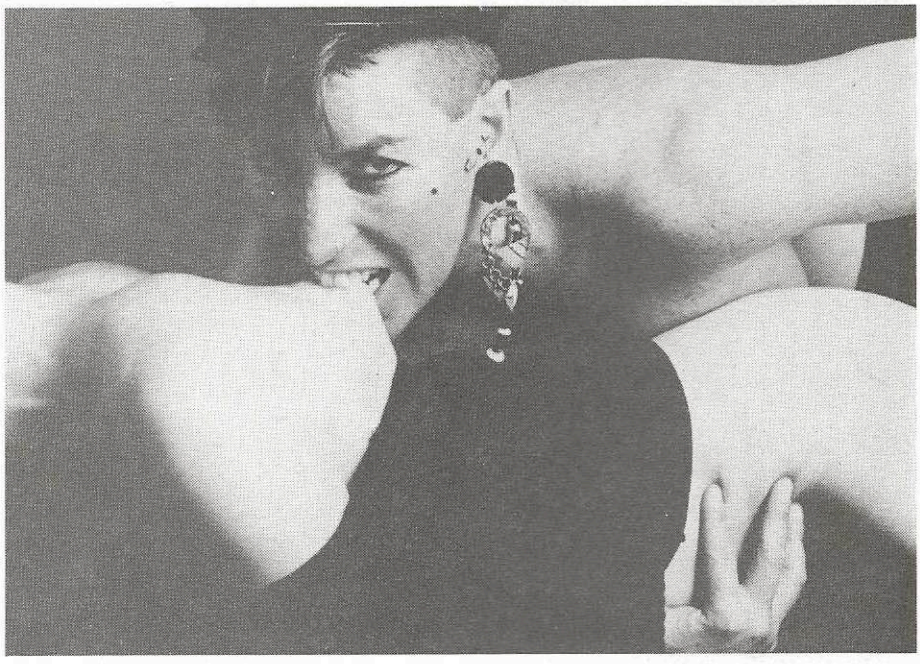
Emily, Emily, why do you have to leave now, now when it seems so perfect, finally, after so much struggle and hard work?

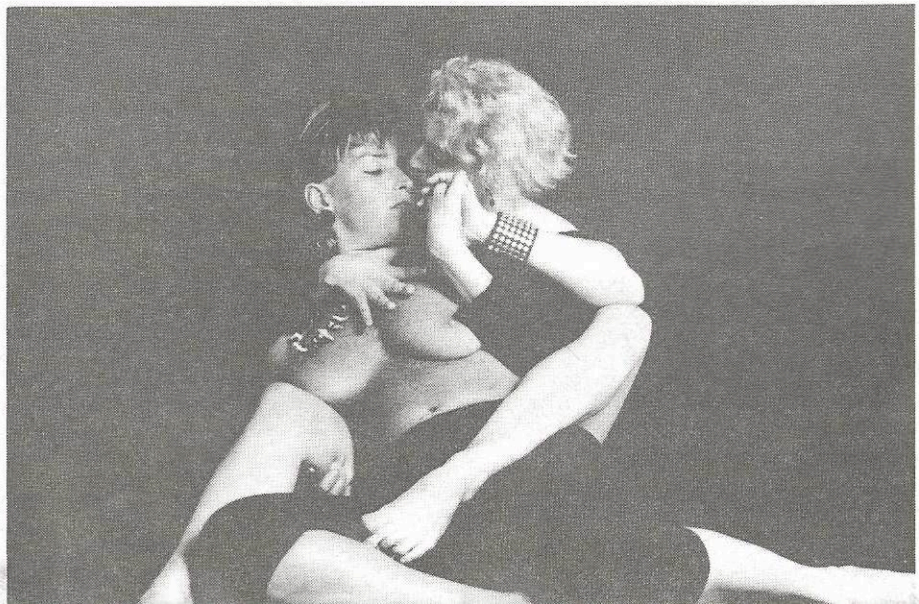
I stopped took a deep breath. Of course it made sense. The grant was only for one year. I had to finish my degree, had to establish a life of my own. It would give us fresh perspective. She deserved the recognition, should be lecturing at the best universities. Still, my heart was as cold as the night surrounding it. I knocked softly, then let myself in.

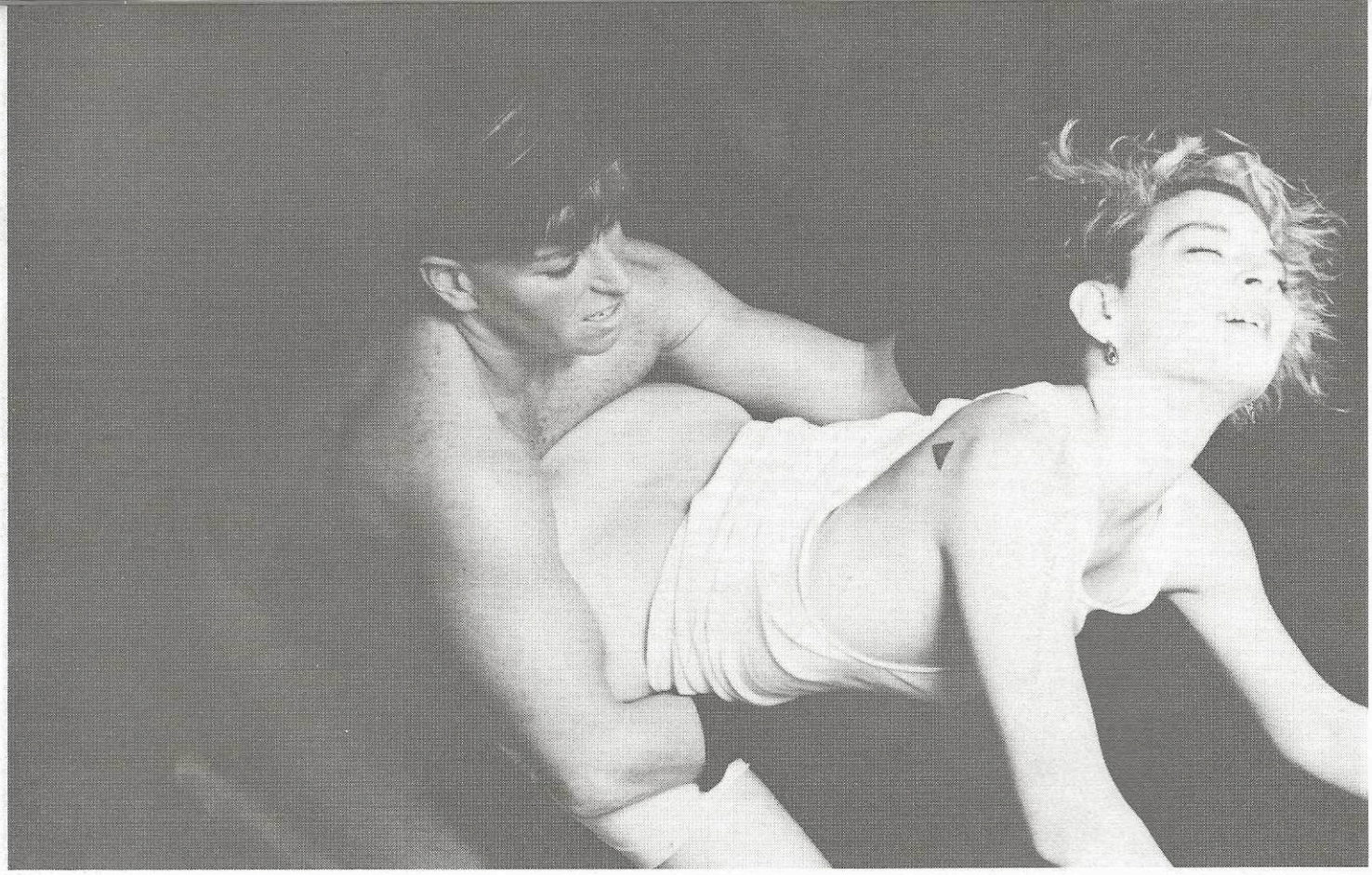
The light inside came from seven

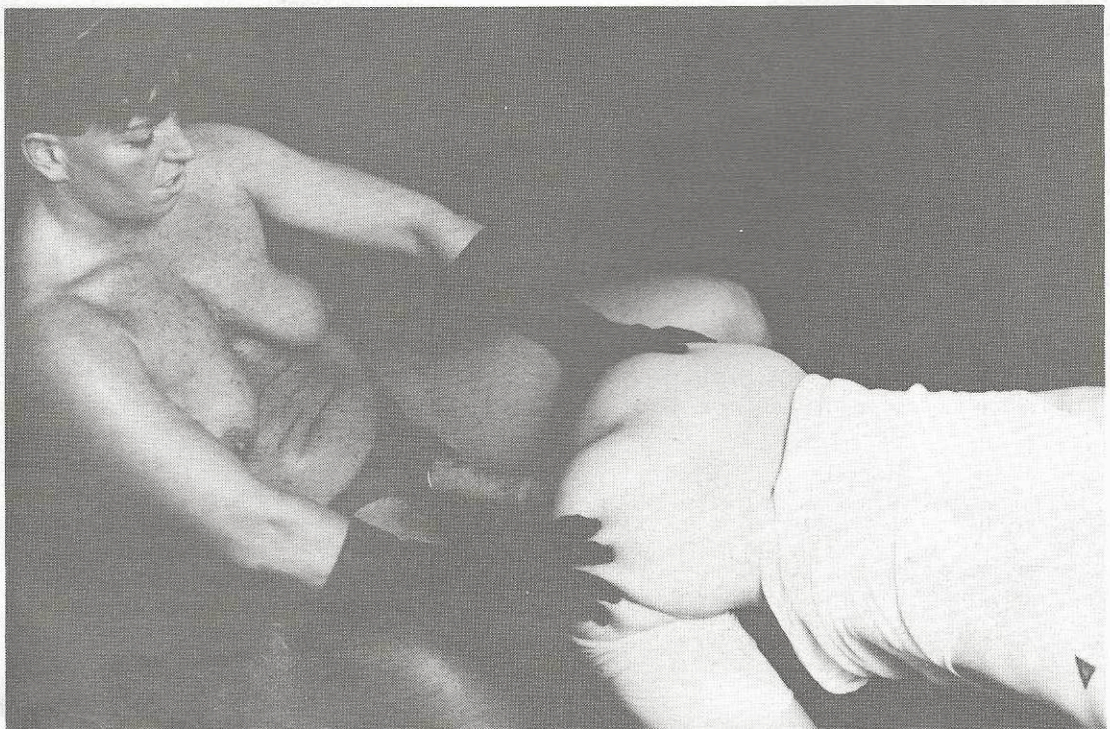
(continued on page 40)

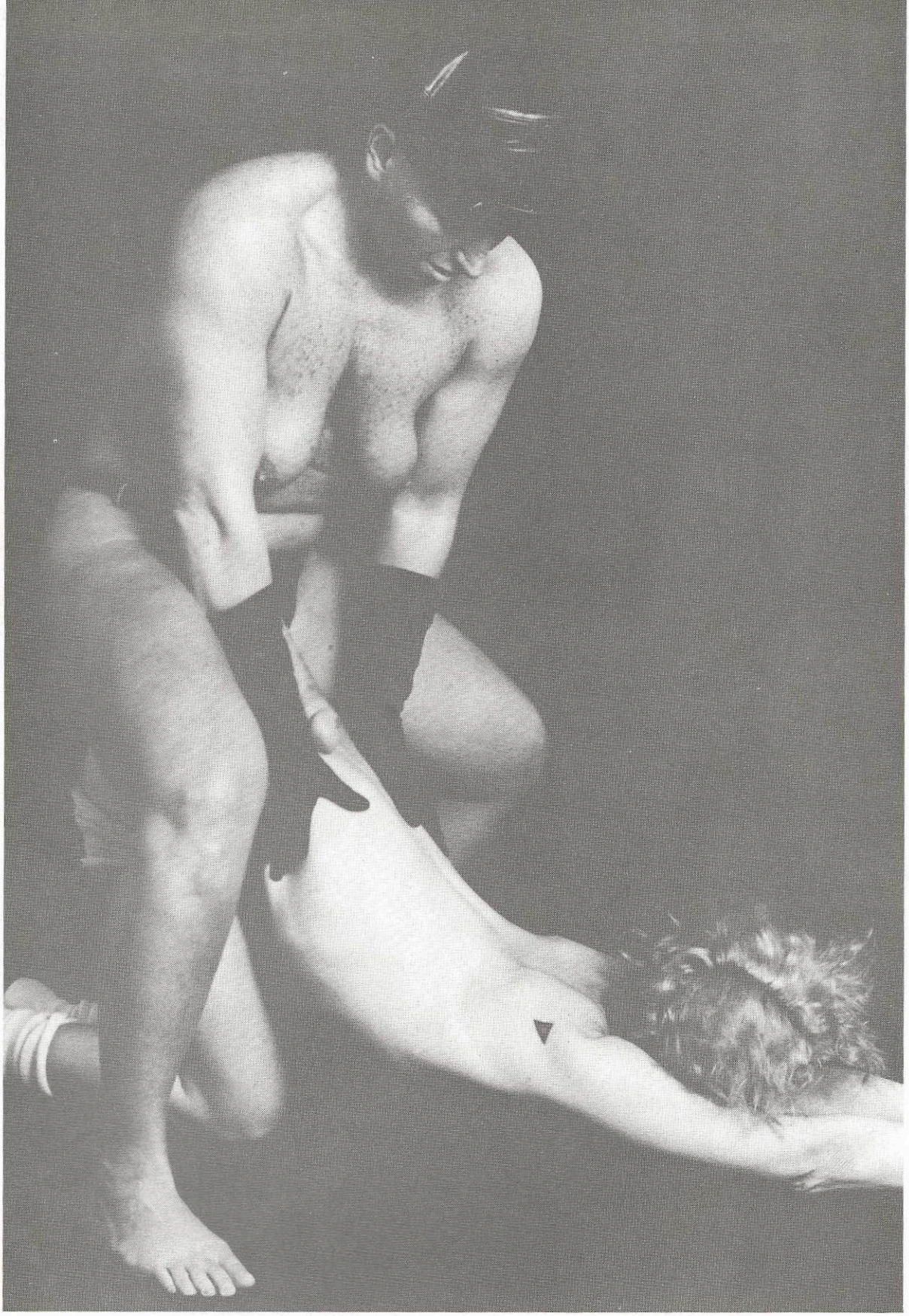
HERON and LUCILLE











PHOTOGRAPHY–
JESSICA FISHER

When Girls Look At Boys

Lesbians view Gay men's porn

Ever since ***On Our Backs*** *began reviewing erotic lesbian videos, readers and friends have confided to us that they enjoy gay men's porn. Some told us they liked it better than any other erotica, while others remarked that it was something they got a occasional kick or enlightenment out of. It seemed time to get down to the dirty details. We put out the word that* ***On Our Backs*** *were looking for lesbians' personal experiences with gay pornography.*

What kind of gay porn do you like? Describe your favorite reading material, pictures, phone sex, type of guys. Which gay men's magazines & videos are different or exciting?

Rita: With gay videos, pictures, books, phone sex, I look through them all to find a certain picture or scene which strikes a chord in me. What I like activity-wise is broad, so it's how real they look, how passionate, emotionally-turned on that gets to me. Part of the excitement of looking through a mag or video is to see if I'll find it, anticipating finding that picture that will overtake me.

Sometimes I see a more artistic style that captivates me: it's beautiful, unique, but it doesn't give me that sensation in my pussy, that certain feeling I get when the urge to fuck eclipses all else and overwhelms me.

The feelings I get from artistic photos are more environmental, they transport me to a certain time or place that makes me feel secure, pleasurable, — not sexual urge. When I want the sexual jolt, I look at hard–core. *(continued on next page)*

PHOTOS BY HONEY LEE COTTRELL

"Sometimes, in my really nasty moments, I want to make the one fuck the other. I want to control them both . . . I use both positions to masturbate off of."

Sharon: I like Jeff Stryker (gay porn star) because of his fantastic body, his beautiful face, sexy lips and, above all, how he uses it. He is imaginative and highly skilled at fucking: net effect is he's into it, uninhibited, not afraid to be nasty. His bi movies stink, but just him masturbating, like in *Portrait of Jeff Stryker*, is out of this world.

Terry: I have my favorite gay videos, like director Jean-Paul Cadinot. I like young, young men, and power-play. Cadinot pictures seem to have a little more romance, which I like.

Gillian: I like gay male SM porn. There is not a lot of SM porn for lesbians, and even less that is high quality, well done, or appealing to me. I often roam around through SM porn intended for gay men or heterosexuals just in order to find material that is entertaining. My sadomasochism is as important to my sexuality as my lesbianism. Since I cannot always find them in the same material, I sometimes simply suspend my lesbian eye while enjoying my other perversions.

I also do a certain amount of automatic "customizing" of the material to suit my own needs. Sometimes I will "lesbianize" the fantasy by changing or substituting the genders in the material. On other occasions, I simply have "straight" or "gay male" fantasies. Often I have straight or gay male fantasies in which the players are all actually women (usually butches) being heterosexuals or gay men. It can be quite convoluted.

Most straight SM porn is junk. In addition, I find the sexism that permeates so much of straight porn at best a distraction and often infuriating. Although gay male porn lacks women with whom to identify, it is generally less overtly sexist.

Gay men have a lot of good, high quality SM porn. *Drummer* and *Mach* are my favorite magazines. Aaron Travis is probably my all-time favorite jerk-off writer, but I also enjoy: Mason Powell, Fledermaus, David May, Jason Klein, and John Preston. I also love a lot of gay male erotic art, especially Steve Masters, Tom of Finland, Etienne, and Quaintance, among others. I enjoy photos. Among my favorites are the photos documenting the annual Hellfire Inferno play weekend and the wonderful work of San Francisco photographers Mark Chester and Michael Rosen.

One thing I do not particularly go for is the emphasis on hypermasculine men and sheer muscle mass. I like pretty bodies as well as the next person, but I do not think one has to be a bodybuilder to be sexy, and I would like to see more images of the normal range of human physique.

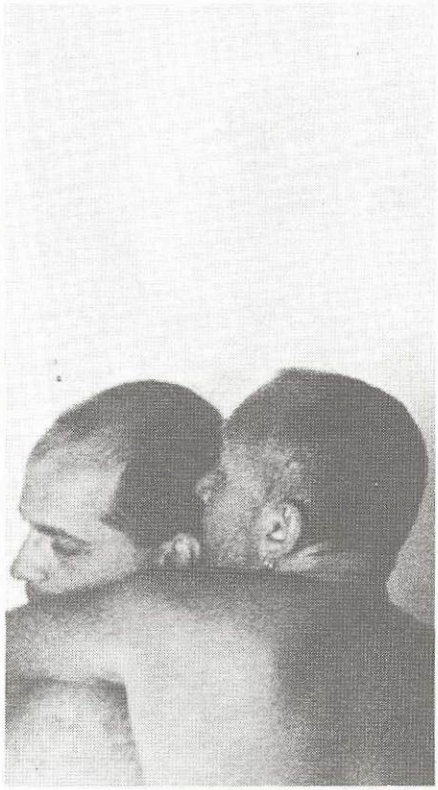
That is one place lesbian porn is way ahead of everybody else — there are plenty of images in lesbian porn of women who are very attractive without having to be Hollywood material.

Tell us about one gay sex fantasy that gets you off.

Rita: I have two fantasies. In each one I am a different gender.

Fantasy as a woman: I like to watch their bodies, their cocks, playing with themselves, each other. I like to watch one overtake the other, the heat and throb of a cock in a tough jaw/mouth, in a tight asshole; I like to be able to see the reaction of the one being fucked by seeing his dick hanging down, all stiff. Then, like I suppose men do with lesbian fantasies, I want to get between them. I want one cock in my mouth, one in my pussy. I want to feel so full of them I am immobilized.

Sometimes, in my really nasty moments, I make the one fuck the other. I control them both. I say, "Get



Models: Kitty Tsui, B.C. Cliver, Sande Mack, Mark Wang

on your hands and knees," to one, then I live through his anticipation that he's going to get it, and then I make the other stick his big dick up him, and force him to do it. Maybe I whip him. I also get off at the same time on the top's feelings of fucking someone. I use both positions to masturbate off of.

Fantasy as a man: I am a man getting fucked in the ass, though it's really in my pussy. I feel like he will ejaculate *through* my cock, that he'll shoot right through my dick.

Gillian: Only one? I am a gay man captured by (a) a biker gang or (b) the security police. I am then (a) roughed up, tied to a motorcycle, and forced to service several large and horny organs with every available orifice or (b) imprisoned in a hard cold place, tied down to a bondage device so that I cannot move a muscle, tortured by a deviously fiendish and clever interrogator who makes sure that I am sexually aroused during and by the torment, and finally raped by the interrogator or one of this burly assistants. I come like a son of a bitch.

Here's another: I am tied up in a sling. My legs and arms have been attached to the four corner chains. This big stud top wearing boots, chaps, leather jacket, cap, mirrored shades and a condom is fucking my butt. There are clips on my cunt. Some are holding my labia together so that the opening is clipped shut. Before putting on the clips, the top had slipped some tiger balm into my cunt, and there is some on my clit as well. The clips on my nipples are connected by a chain. The top has grabbed the tit-clamp chain and pulls me on to his dick with it. He fucks me that way until we both come.

Sharon: The only gay fantasy I have on my own is a single picture in my head of two men kissing, embracing.

". . . like many butch lesbians I am to a degree alienated from my own femininity . . ."

The picture in my head is reminiscent of scenes in regular movie like *Beautiful Launderette* or *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, or *Maurice*. It gives me the chills, but then I switch over to my girl fantasies. I don't have pornographic fag fantasies.

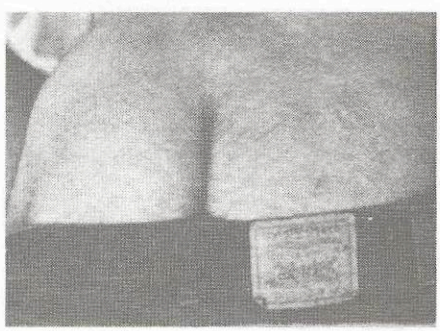
Terry: I don't fantasize on my own about gay men's sex. I only enjoy them as a voyeur when I watch a video.

Who do you identify with when you fantasize about gay men?

Gillian: I identify as a gay man getting fucked by another gay man. I do have some gender dysphoria. I am not a transsexual, and I am a woman who intends to stay a woman. Nevertheless, like many lesbians, especially butch lesbians, I am to a degree alienated from my own femaleness, and am often uncomfortable with femininity. I am especially uncomfortable about being feminine, and I am ambivalent about femininity in partners. Although I am occasionally attracted to femmes, I am primarily drawn to other butches as partners. This "butch-butch" sexuality is easily fed by images of two men doing it. I usually identify with the gay male bottom. I am not an accomplice or exhibitionist.

Terry: I am strictly a voyeur; I don't feel myself living through the men's bodies. The turn-on for me is the equality of physical power. I think men take for granted the physical ease they have with sex and with each other. For lesbians, a lot of the turn-on is the physical ease, the giving and taking of power.

The feel, the sound and sight of not holding back, just grabbing and slapping, fucking and sucking, each taking their own pleasure from the other, not *(continued on page 42)*



HUNGRY HEARTS

Fatale Video
526 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
$34.95

I have a grudge against lesbian romances. When I read a personal ad that promises walks on the beach, I scream in agony. Hand me the latest novel based on a tender loving lesbian relationship and I'll bite you. The worst torture of all is when a new lesbian video comes out that promises true romantic bliss. I'm yawning and nodding before you can say "Desert Hearts."

But this new Fatale video, *Hungry Hearts*, isn't set in a desert. A good part of the action takes place on the oceanfront in a bubbling hot tub. I think that it would be fair to characterize the entire video as "wet." Very wet.

Pepper and Reeva are in love, says the box cover. After seeing them make love, I believe it, absolutely, because if this couple isn't in love, they've got a hell of a great rapport.

Pepper and Reeva have rescued the fantasy of romantic lesbian sex from terminal boredom. They are two genuinely beautiful women. They make love as gracefully as a rose and a briar twine round each other. They remind me of my first teenage ideas of lesbian eroticism: two goddesses together, the perfect narcissism of paired femininity.

If you want to see the kind of sex most of us earthlings have, a little clumsy, a touch awkward, well, you'll hate this video. Reeva and Pepper are lovers moving on a cloud. Their every gesture is lubricated and loose with sensuality. They make Catherine Deneuve look like a slob.

Have I gone too far? Maybe it's because I spontaneously dreamt of Reeva last night. Her body was so soft moving over my face and down between my legs, I almost gulped a mouthful of pillow.

I didn't anticipate that Reeva would be my dream object, because I have been an ardent fan of Pepper as a *BurLEZk* dancer for the past five years. Pepper was on the cover of *On Our Backs* third issue, our first poster girl, and a candidate for the most professional dancer I've ever seen on a women's show stage. By professional, I mean she put on hypnotizing shows under the most trying circumstances, at the most ridiculous last

(continued on page 36)

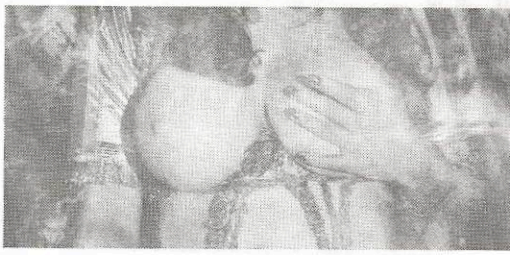
TANTRICA

OR HOW I LEARNED TO DO MAGIC WITH A WAND WHILE RECITING MY MANTRA 40 TIMES AND PAINT MY NAILS AT THE SAME TIME

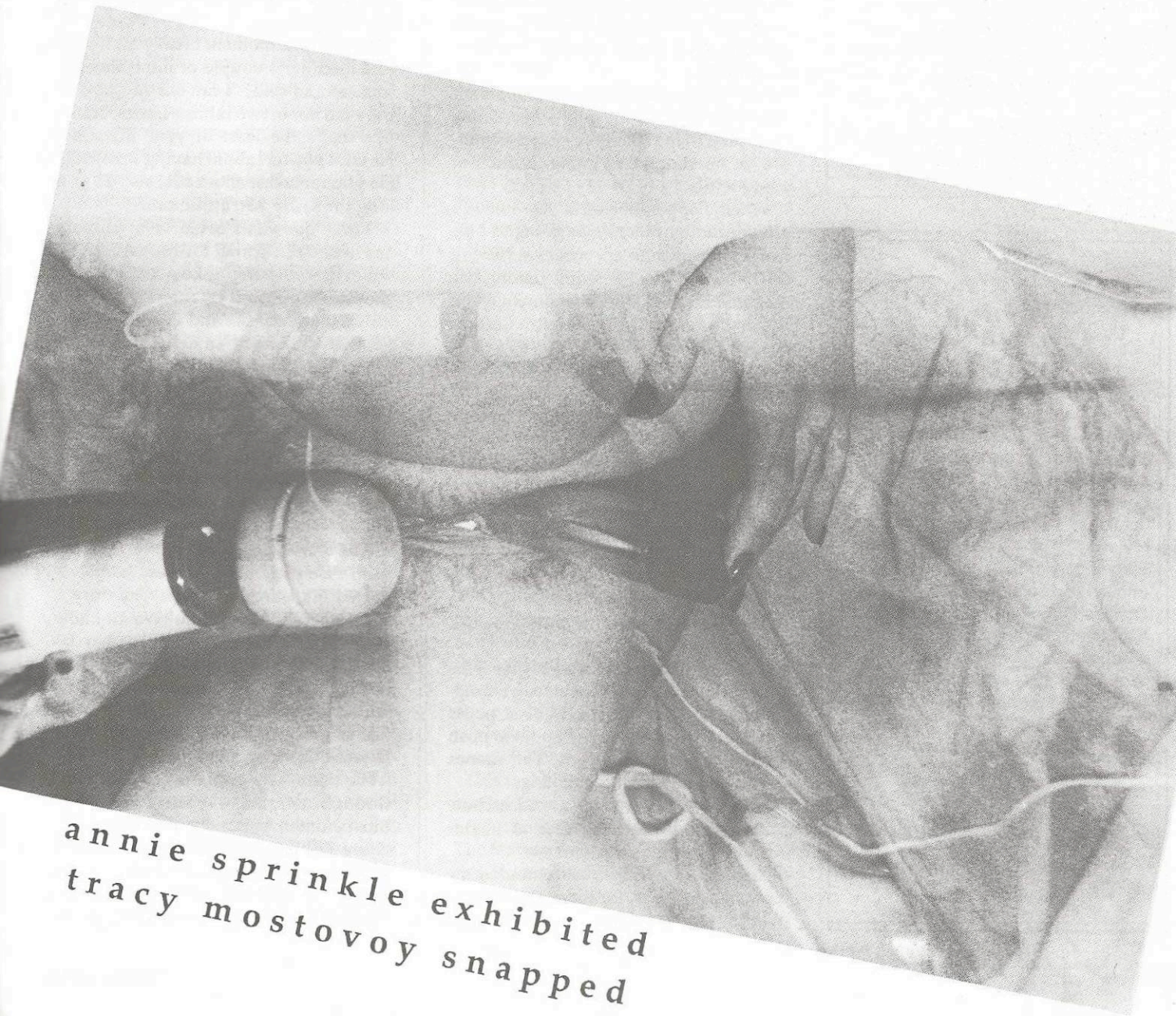
annie sprinkle is a new age sexual radical and performing artist whose medium is sex.

I'm more interested in how energy is channelled and the use of breath during sex than I am on touching techniques. Breath is a powerful force. I recently had an orgasm just from breathing - although it took three hours!

Sex is like food - there's junk food, health food and gourmet. Our society is a junk sex society, and like most people I've had lots of junk sex in my life. Gourmet sex like gourmet food takes more time to prepare and savour. It can take years of studying and training.

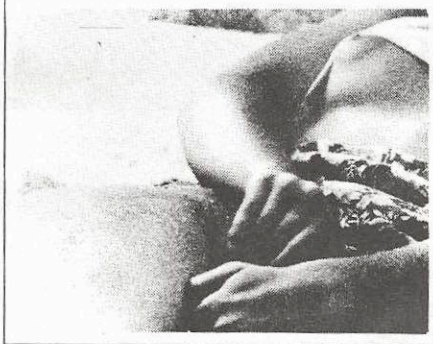


The human race is still in kindergarten when it comes to sexuality. There's enormous potential for advancement through the combining of modern technology - vibrators - with ancient philosophies.



annie sprinkle exhibited
tracy mostovoy snapped

HOT WOMEN TALK TAPES



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REVIEWS *(continued from page 32)*

minutes.

One of the first times Pepper stripped at the now defunct Baybrick Inn, some girl brought her an enormous bouquet of red roses, and it became her trademark. There's a lot of dykes out there treasuring pressed dried petals from one of Pepper's performances. In the *BurLEZk* video, you see her supernatural nimbleness as she strips off another woman's bra and top with one hand. She dances, no, she *smokes* to Sade's *Why Can't We Be Together* . It drives me to say that if you haven't seen Pepper in motion, you can't call yourself a lesbian .

I looked forward to seeing Pepper's lesbian video debut, to say the least, and pleased to hear she would be working with her dance partner and lover, Reeva. I got a preview of what the video would reveal the night they performed together at Women's Weekend last May at the Russian River resort area in Northern California.

It was total pandemonium the moment they poured onto the tiny stage. Some dyke next to me spent the entire 15 minute set howling, "I'm going to die, I'm going to die."

When Pepper peeled away Reeva's gown I thought there was going to be a riot. The same moment occurs in *Hungry Hearts* when Reeva strips before her pleased lover. It's like that moment when Roger Vadim first saw Brigitte Bardot: *And God Created Woman.*

I'm sorry if beauty repulses you. I despair for the lesbian who can only feel envy or resentment when she sees Venus rising off the foam. Reeva's perfect voluptuous figure, her dark eyes and baby-cupped mouth, are nothing less than precious. When Pepper blindfolds and feeds her in the hot tub I practically felt the milk begin to drop.

And, when finished with her ministrations, Pepper removes the blind, Reeva falls like a plum into her pussy to suck her lover to orgasm.

Fade out. A new sex scene begins. This time Reeva is fucking Pepper with a strap-on in front of the fireplace. She's so petite I marvel at how she grips Pepper to push all the way into her cunt. The flames dance behind their lovemaking.

I told you I hate fireplaces. I eschew walks on the beach. I sneer at tender seamless lovemaking.

I lied. *Hungry Hearts* just reminded me how hungry I was for the real thing.

- S. Bright

TOYS FOR US *(continued from page 7)*

I asked them, "If you're not worried about oral sex, why have so many of you given it up?"

One woman burst out, "Because if you tell anyone where you're at, they don't want to *touch* your pussy, let alone eat it!"

That about sums it up. We can talk about safe sex techniques from dusk until dawn, but it's a lot of precise talk about plastic and positions. The real dilemma of women's sexuality and AIDS is fear, stigma, humiliation, estrangement. The goal is to feel close and sexy and passionate and turn on and dig yourself.

The techniques of safer sex can distract us from the bare bones. For example, one girl asked me, "I was with a lover for six years who had AIDS. I've been alone for a year since and I'm just about ready to go out again so I want to know how to use rubber dams."

That was the moment I was waiting for. I handed her a couple of mint flavored squares and said, "I can tell you how to use a barrier in two minutes, but it seems like that's the least of your dilemma. How do you feel about having sex again? Do you fantasize about oral sex, do you long for it, are you afraid of it?"

These questions could be applied to any woman. In this forum, with these women, the basic sexual choices are simply illuminated by the fact that it is now a matter of life and death.

Someone handed an anonymous note up to the panel that asked, "What is known about lesbians with AIDS and lesbian safe sex practices?"

There were perfectly competent healthcare people on the panel to answer the question, but I wasn't about to sit through another just–the–facts–ma'am recital.

"The story with lesbians and AIDS," I said, "isn't about the three cases reported in medical journals. The story is sitting here in this room. We all know that the medical establishment has ignored lesbian sexuality in regard to AIDS, but the one group of people you think would give a shit — other lesbians — are just as guilty of denial as the Center for Disease Control.

The main way lesbians get infected is through men and IV drug use. Since most human beings, and that *does* include lesbians, are neither exclusively homo or heterosexual, it's not surprising that many lesbians, who would never think of themselves as bisexual, are af-

fected and touched by this epidemic. But the lesbian public front is this pure–as–the–driven–snow bullshit which keeps women from being honest and unafraid with one another. We have now reached a point, because of AIDS, where we either confront our taboos and get real, or we're going to watch our own silence and secrecy kill each other.

I'm not afraid of male contamination, of losing the lesbian essence. I'm afraid of lesbians losing our empathy and comprehension with each other because we've let our fears and prohibitions about sex tear us apart."

One of the dykes who came up to me afterwards said, "I go to the 12–step programs, you know, and I tell them my status, and the other lesbians can't look me in the eye. I'm butch, (she didn't have to tell me), which makes them even more confused... Of course I fucked men: for drugs, for money, for the hell of it. But I know who I am."

"So how do you deal with them?"

"I don't. If they can't handle me, I don't need their shit. It's a shame, though."

I don't blame her for not trying to raise their consciousness all at once. This is exactly what I mean by isolation. By comparison, the HIV+ lesbians who hung out after the panel were obviously very tight, the kind of closeness I used to see at gay bars in out of the way places.

At the end of my presentation, a few people thanked me for showing off my sex toys. One woman said, "I like that you said that the vibrator was *yours*, not just saying, 'it has been known to be effective' kind of thing."

"God, yes, all these toys and books are my own. I brought them not because I thought it would be so new to any of you, but because I wanted to demonstrate how making the first change in your sexual behavior is the hardest. The next changes come much more sweetly. I started with a vibrator, but then that opened me up to so much more — not just things to buy and consume, but an understanding of my capacity, a hook into my imagination. My sexuality developed more in the past seven years than in all the 23 preceding."

There was so much more to say. We got 15 minutes on a panel to talk about sex and we needed a good 15 hours. Yet it was the most powerful 15–minute sexual discussion I've ever been a part of. I'm ready for the nitty gritty now. I'm taking off the gloves.

(Don't worry, I've got plenty more under the bed.) Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 9)*

teacher's dress sent a hundred little sparks into my imagination, how pictures of naked women made my eyes open wide with confusion and curiosity, how it felt to masturbate before I had a word for it. I'm remembering what it was like to explore and discover, not as a slightly jaded adult trying the hundredth position in the Lesbian Kama Sutra, but as a shy and curious girl stepping into the lake for the first time. I'm remembering the first times, the very early times, the times when what became commonplace was still new and scary and wild.

FIRST MASTURBATION

Actually, I don't remember the very first time — it seems that I've always been playing with myself. Even in my earliest, vaguest memories of it, I recall being already skilled with my hands and my imagination. The first time I remember clearly... I was about five or six, in bed at night, wearing a long pale pink flannel nightgown with blue flowers. I remember pulling my nightgown up, slowly up my legs, up over my knees, little by little over my thighs, teasing and finally exposing myself to the ceiling and the bookshelves and the cool night air.

Some nights, I'd play this little drama over and over, covering myself up to my ankles again and then slowly pulling the nightgown back up to my belly, sometimes turning over and inching the gown bit by bit over my bottom, savoring and repeating that first moment of exposure.

This particular time, my nightgown stayed up, and I brushed my hands lightly over my stomach, tickling up and down my thighs, and back and forth over my privates, soft and light. I imagined thousands of little creatures, moths and fairies and ants and mice; they swarmed into my room and pinned my arms to the bed and spread my legs wide apart, and they crawled up my thighs and down my belly and down between my legs and they poked me with their feelers and brushed me with their wings, opening and prodding and examining my crack, exploring this fascinating and newly conquered territory.

This is the first clear memory I have of masturbating; and yet part of the memory is the feeling of repetition and ritual. The fantasy was already a familiar one. I don't know why I stored away this experience and not any previous ones.

(continued on next page)

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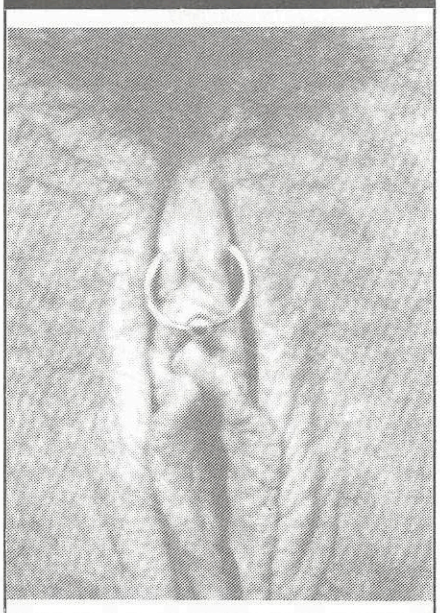

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(continued from previous page)

Perhaps this was the first time I felt comfortable and relaxed with what I was doing, and earlier times were too anxious and uncertain to file in the Permanent Vivid Consciousness file. I'm sure I must have been going at it very young, maybe even from infancy. I'm equally certain that almost as soon as I learned to masturbate, I learned to conceal it. I don't recall being punished for it, but even my haziest memories of it are strongly tinged with secrecy. Not guilty so much as resentful; not worried that I was doing something wrong, but certain that I'd better not get caught.

FIRST SEX WITH ANOTHER FEMALE

Also very young, around age seven. I'm not sure which of these times was the first, or even which ones I count as sexual. There were so many games, so many experiments . . . The memories tend to blur together into one long image of ignorance and exploration, beginning with my first real awareness of females other than me and Mom, ending abruptly when the games began to be less bumbling, more pleasant, more real.

I remember a game of Truth or Dare. I had to take off all my clothes and stand naked on the bed and spread my arms out and say "I am beautiful!"

I remember the night my best friend slept over and we swiped my dad's *Playboys* and flipped through them eagerly, almost hysterically, and then played Playboy Bunny — the bunny took off her clothes and posed, the photographer held up her hands like a camera and said "click, click, click" and told the bunny what to do next.

I remember another game of Truth or Dare (we played a lot of Truth or Dare when I was eight), and I had to take off my panties and pull up my skirt and let the other girls look between my legs as long as they wanted. I remember taking the clothes off my friend's Barbie dolls and playing Naked Beauty Pageant with them.

I especially remember a game of Prince and Princess (somehow I always ended up being the Prince). After the wedding my friend said "Now the Prince and Princess are married, so they have to Do It." We hid behind the couch and I lay on top of her and rubbed up and down the way I thought men did to women. She said "Okay, that's enough," and I didn't think it was enough but I rolled off and didn't say anything, and we played something else. Go Fish, I think.

I think it's interesting how many of these games happened when we were playing Truth or Dare. Maybe the formal structure of the game made the experimentation feel safer; the authority of the Dare seems to have eased some of the fear and responsibility of desiring what was forbidden. Nobody ever said it was forbidden, but we knew anyway. I know that, for me, the end of the game always came too soon and the next one never came soon enough.

I know I wasn't ready when, for no apparent reason, the sex games just stopped. I didn't understand why the other girls suddenly thought it was "boring" or "disgusting" or "weird" when I found it so delightful and thrilling and just-getting-interesting. A year or two after the play had stopped, a friend slept over one winter night and I suggested a game of Truth or Dare. She declined; it was too cold to go outside, too late to prowl around the house, and the only "dares" she could think of to do shut up in my room were "sick." I flushed; I knew what she was thinking about and of course it was what I had in mind, but I'd never before heard it called "sick." I went nauseous with guilt and shame. Another first.

My friend's disdain of my desire scared me bad, scared me in a way it never occurred to me to be scared of my parents. Being caught by my mom and dad with the *Playboys* stashed in my room, or overheard giggling with my friends a little too hysterically behind locked doors, made me feel furtive, resentful, anxious. But I'd spent too much of my life fighting off my parents' opinions, wrapping my feelings in cotton so they couldn't steal them; and as much as I tried to avoid their disapproval, I was never afraid that they might be right.

FIRST S/M

This one I do remember, crystal clear. I was about eight. It was yet another game of Truth or Dare. Thank God for Truth or Dare. I took the Dare (as usual), and my friends decided that I had to let each of them spank my bottom five times. I definitely didn't want to, it was humiliating, but being a coward would have been worse, so I accepted. I pulled down my pants and panties and bent over the lap of the first girl. She spanked my bottom, five sharp, stinging slaps; not

too hard. It hurt some but mostly it tingled. I wriggled and flinched, more from embarrassment than pain. When the next girl said "My turn now," I bent over her lap a little more willingly. The tingling, wriggling, and the naughtiness of having my pants down around the other girls made the pain not feel so bad. In fact . . . I began to notice that the hurt itself felt good, exciting and stimulating, like jumping in a cold lake early in the morning.

I crawled over to the third girl for my third and final spanking, and held myself very still, scared and anxious, as she slapped my pink and stinging bottom. When she stopped, I felt let down, dissatisfied, like I'd suddenly been given a hundred-pound box of chocolates and then told I could only eat one.

Looking back on this, I think of it as an awakening more than anything else. There had certainly been earlier incidents that I might have experienced in a similarly masochistic way, and didn't. Like being spanked by my mother, which I hated. Or losing a Dare and being tickled for a solid minute without moving or fighting back, which was unrelenting agony. I used to hate the Spanking Machine, where we'd all stand in a line with our legs wide apart, and the loser of whatever game we'd played had to crawl between our legs and get her bottom spanked as she crawled through. Until this time, that kind of pain and punishment had been unpleasant, plain and simple, an experience to be avoided.

After this arousal, I'd deliberately lose at Truth or Dare, scheme to be spanked again, crawl through the Spanking Machine at something less than full speed, trying to sneak just one more chocolate out of that hundred-pound box, and only dimly aware that punishment and pain would never again be plain and simple.

FIRST ORGASM

Yes.

Oh, yes.

I was twelve. It was a sticky summer day, I was alone in the house, lounging around in my room, trying different kinds of masturbation. By then I knew what it was called. I had brushed cotton over my pussy, dressed and undressed in the mirror, spanked my bottom with a hairbrush, straddled and rubbed against the edge of the bed. I thought, "I know, I'll turn on the bathtub faucet and spread my legs under the running water and see how that feels." So I turned on the water to a comfy temperature and lowered myself into the tub and eased my genitals under the heavy stream . . . and it felt good, and then it quickly felt *very good* ... and I thought I was having a heart attack, I was totally unprepared. I was panting and my heart was pounding and my legs were quivering uncontrollably, and the diffuse gentle niceness between my legs focused and sharpened and amplified and shot straight through my chest and into my brain and blinded me and flooded my head with blood and light and then, finally, it dissipated, almost as quickly as it came, leaving me shaken ad scared and breathless and twitching, unable to stand, unable to move, while the convulsions in my brain slowly calmed and coalesced into recognizable thoughts.

"Jesus Christ." And then:

"So *that's* what they're talking about." And then:

"How can I make that happen again?"

GROWN UP SEX

I usually think of this as the beginning of my adult sexual life. I became fixated, obsessed even. Masturbation suddenly and dramatically turned into a pursuit of orgasms; more orgasms, better orgasms, different orgasms. Could I have one without using the bathtub faucet? How soon after having one could I have another? How many could I have in a day? What fantasies made them easier to get? What kind of preparation made them more exciting?

Preparation. Maybe that's the difference. See, as a child, sex for me was vague, obscure, circular. It didn't go anywhere, it didn't have any point, it was a strange fog that obscured itself and left the world clear. Orgasm was clarity, the sun burning through the morning overcast. It turned sex into an event, something with a purpose, something you could complete; and the vague intense cloudy feelings that used to drift in and swirl around and dissipate now became preparation, the pleasant build-up, the overture, a nice place to pass through on the way to somewhere else.

I'm less goal-oriented now than I was at thirteen. I've learned to enjoy excitement as well as satisfaction (thank God!), but I can't go back to believing that the excitement is the whole story. Not that I'd want to — I'll always choose illumination over ignorance. But there was something about that time, it was sweet and bold and sinuous and it grew into who I am now. I wouldn't return, but it feels good to remember. Δ

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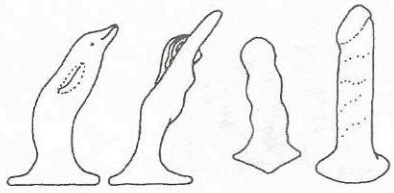

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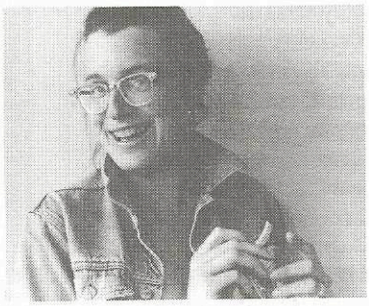

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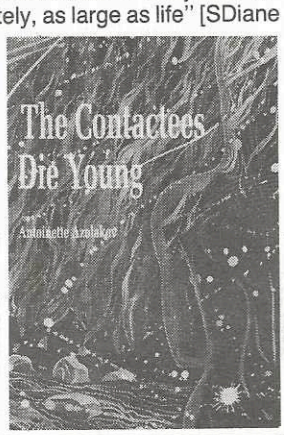

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FINAL SITTING *(continued from page 22)*

candles, each encased in its own globe. Soft music in the background, Brahms I guessed, completed the sense of quiet, a final chapter winding down.

Emily was waiting, her painting smock replaced by a black silk kimono, her hair pulled into a knot at the top of her head. Her eyes seemed reddened, puffy. I was shocked, having never seen her cry in the months we'd been lovers.

She handed me a glass of port. I reached, instead, for her, crushing her to me. Her mouth was on mine, burning, biting, almost drawing blood in the fierce pull of her hunger. Those gifted hands, amazing in their strength, now peeled my clothes back, moving to my core, as if I was some exotic fruit needing first to be opened and then devoured.

"Our last night..." the words tasted bitter even before they were out.

"Don't say it, don't say that," Emily's hands pushed me into her, as if she wanted to become part of me., I pulled away, still wanting this but also sad, so sad. For years I'd lived insulated, hard as an arrow, unneeding, solitary. She cracked open the seal, poured me out, liquid, into her mouth. She made me feel precious as some perfect nectar, sophisticated, heady. How could I give that up, even for a few months?

"Anything you want this evening, anything, love, tell me." She drew me back, close. I could feel her heart through the silk. She didn't know how fragile she was, always she lived as the strong one. Tonight I'd be strong for her, I'd be the muse she chased, the muse she swore lived inside of me.

I stroked her hair, let my fingers knot in the loose strands. I pulled her head back, exposing her throat. I let my lips sink there, like a vampire I would take suck and make her mine. Her moan was low, deep. It touched me even as her hands caressed my breasts.

"Sketch me, a last time. I want you to sketch me but in a way you've never tried. Draw me as I make love to you, right up till that moment of orgasm, I want you to sketch us together. When you've gone, well, I'll have it, then there'll never be a doubt, not even in my jealous mind. Please darling." I moved back, better to see those forest eyes.

"Meg, I didn't think you could shock me." Her laugh released all of the melancholy. Now there would be nothing but passion between us. I hugged her hard, felt her nipples grow taut against me.

Lover, mentor, this artist, yes, I would take her and be taken at the same time.

Emily moved to the table, picked up the drawing board. Carefully she pinned the edges down. I watched those magnificent hands, saw them tremble in the pale candlelight. As if sleepwalking, she moved to gather her pencils. Slowly, heavily, like the middle of a hot summer, that's how she came toward me. I dropped my clothes around us, encircling us, ancient magic. She sat in the massive oak chair, knowing her usual stool wouldn't hold her mid–flight. I would make her fly. Yes. Yes.

She leaned back, the drawing board braced on the arms of the chair. There was enough room, enough room for her to watch as I began the dance of all women.

My fingers shook as I brushed the evening silk from her thighs. Tight and muscled, how many times had my lips traveled these hills? Her scent was rising, musky, exotic, so much richer than the French perfume she always wore. No need to worry about the temperature in the studio this evening. She touched my chin with the edge of her pencil, raising my head, tilting it back.

"My beautiful muse, I told you once I didn't want you to kneel for me, wanted only to have you remain tall..." she smiled, but only for a moment. Her lips were drawn back into a moan as I licked high, up close to that liquid center.

I thought: Amazon. I thought: jungle. I thought: lush and tropical, hot and wet as any deep place on the Earth. My tongue moved higher right to that rim of violet flesh. She began to move under me, just slightly, her hands clutched to the edges of the board. She sighed my name, making me stop, pull away. "Emily, you have to draw, it's the bargain. If you stop, I'll stop."

"My God, I've taught you too well." She inhaled deeply, her voice husky, filled with everything she knew was happening, filled with me.

I bent again, in front of this woman, my mouth suddenly ravenous, fully pressed to her lower lips. I tugged at the edges with my teeth, carefully, slowly, enough to make her shiver exquisitely, gasping, trying to hold on, to hold back.

Concentrate on the pencil, let it flow over the stark plane of paper, capture this as our own sweet testimony. I ran my tongue around her clit in flat, lazy circles, only darting over the hood by chance. My hands dug into her buttocks, kneading and opening the flesh, feeling a fine film of perspiration begin, knowing how far I'd already taken her. With Emily there was never the possibility of a missed encounter; she loved the lovemaking as much as the painting. It was what she lived for. Everything was pleasure, always taking me with her on that wild ride.

My nose was buried in her cunt, my breath sending scalding blasts over her exposed clit, making her gasp and try to grab me between her thighs. I slid my tongue in deeply, tasting the good sea salt of this woman, drinking her even as she'd drunk of me so many nights ago. I squeezed my own thighs together, feeling the heaviness between them, the throb and ache that I knew she was feeling. I rocked on my knees in this strange ritual, knowing she was holding to the request, keeping the bargain.

The pencil was more frantic now, its scratch full and loud on the paper. I pressed hungrily into her cunt, my cheeks streaming with her liquid, my lips almost as swollen as her own.

"Meg, Megan, I can't...I can't...no more, I can't hold the pencil, please darling...I want to come, now..." She was groaning, bucking against me, and I pulled her into me, not caring if I ever came up for air.

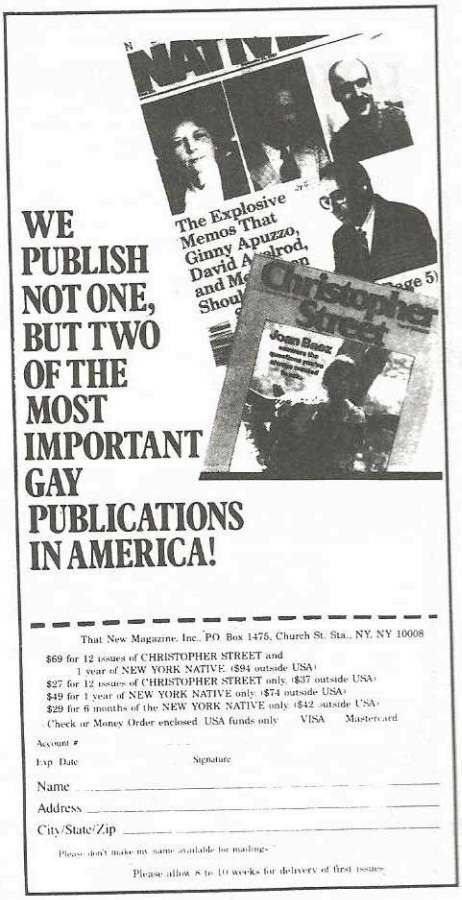
I was surrounded by Emily, all tastes, scents, all touches, hers. She dropped the lap board to the side of the chair, her hands tangling in my hair, even as my arms encircled her, brushing back the black silk, seeking only the caress of hot flesh, the wet sting and salt of Emily.

Finally, she screamed my name, shuddering and falling over me, hugging me to her, letting me drink my fill. Her breasts were heavy and soft against my forehead as I moved up, kissing the hard nipples, feeling her climax even there. Her hands cupped my elbows and drew me into her moist lap. Then she was rocking me, this tiny woman, my lover, rocking me and holding me as if she could stop time, press me directly past bone and into her heart.

I kissed her neck, letting her rock us both, knowing this way she wouldn't see the tears. It was enough just to be there, full of each other, the night, warm in this diamond studio, surrounded by all that had come to mean dear. Somewhere, on the floor, the portrait lay forgotten.

"Meg." Her voice was so quiet, calm as a slow–moving river. "Meg, there's something I want you to have."

"Nothing, I don't want...it's already been so much." I didn't want her to move, to break the surface of the moment.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"Ssh, angel, it's here," She reached won into the midnight folds of her robe. She pulled out a creamy envelope.

"I'll open it later." I didn't want to read anymore goodbyes. I wanted to drift with her till the night changed shadows, exchanged the cold cerulean for pure pastel, came into the mouth of morning.

"Meg, this is my request. Open it now, please." Her voice was insistent. I took the envelope and tore it.

A plane ticket dropped into my damp lap.

"I've taken the liberty of talking with your advisors. If you're interested, they've agreed that you could probably gain as much traveling with me as you could by staying here." Emily bit my neck, teasing, her lips more passionate than her voice would betray. "See what a little fame can do?"

There was nothing I could say. I moved from her arms, pulling her up and off the hard chair, more sure than I would have believed possible.

The studio couch was covered with a pearl, silk comforter. I snuffed all but one candle out. Maybe the muse was inside. All I knew was that it would be a long, long time till the dawn. Δ

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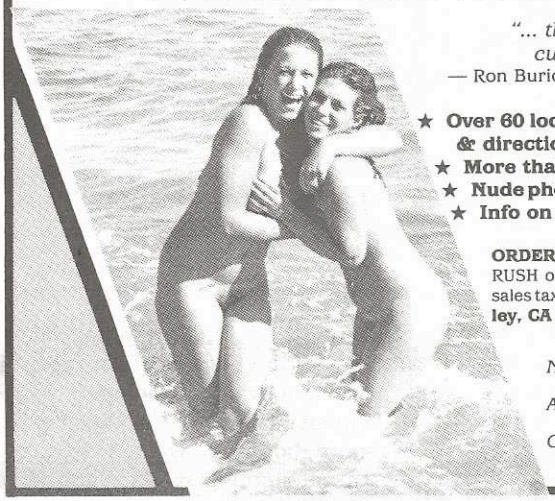

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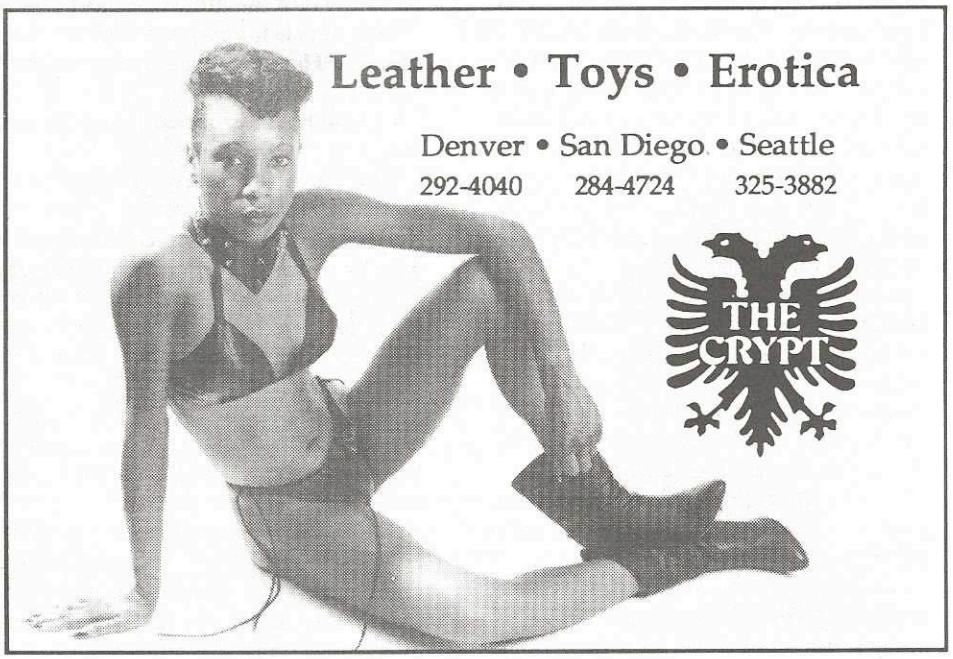

WHEN GIRLS LOOK... *(cont'd from pg 31)*

for the benefit of anyone but themselves, and apologizing to no one — I wish this were more common among lesbians.

How does a lesbian perceive gay porn differently than the intended audience? Or is it virtually the same?

Rita: Lesbians can appreciate the same sex eroticism quicker, easier. But all individuals have the ability, once educated and practiced, to perceive and enjoy porn's potential and variety.

Gillian: I think a lesbian sees the porn differently because certain mental operations must be performed differently to insert oneself into the fantasy. Either the fantasy must be altered to match the viewer or the viewer must alter her own persona to match the fantasy.

How do lesbians "discover" gay porn to begin with?

Rita: They only discover gay porn if they dare to accept male sexuality as valid; when they rid themselves of old separatist shit. Or they get into genderbending, (i.e., see themselves as male) wanting to have a cock or fuck a cock.

Gillian: I do not know how lesbians discover gay male porn. I found it because when I came out as an SM person over a decade ago there was virtually no lesbian SM porn. I looked around to see what there was and found rich deposits in the gay men's press.

Terry: I had been going out with a woman for some time and we had recently "hooked" into each other sexually. We wanted to experiment, and decided since we were both such visual people, we should try videos.

We started out with the idea that we should watch lesbian videos, but discovered there wasn't much authentic lesbian porn available. So we tried one gay male porn, one bi, and one lesbian video. Well, the lesbian video we found extremely boring, featuring the same two women in a variety of tedious positions, and locations. We fast forwarded through the whole thing. Next we watched the bi video. The men were more into each other and the woman was like a helper. Or else the women were in positions similar to straight porn, i.e., there for the convenience and amusement of a man.

Also, too much lipstick, fingernails, tongues, hairdos and high heels. We fast forwarded through most of this too.

Now the boy video, "Inch by Inch", by Matt Sterling. First of all, it had the best looking *people* we'd seen yet in a video. More realistic locations, even ones that were unlikely, places that you know you'd love to try it if you had the nerve, the right partner, the opportunity, etc.

And then, of course, the sex. After the ra-ra romanticism of the lesbian video, and the mostly male-oriented bi video, the simple, physical, raw sex of the gay video was a welcome treat. This was what we were looking for.

Were these videos typical? We went on a rampage. We tried more of everything and kept coming back to the men. Why? They are the most authentic and selfish in their sexual presentation. It just seems so right to me that men manhandle each other. That they should suck each other and fuck each other. They do it well. You never feel protective about men, you don't worry about "they're being objectified." And then maybe, you just don't care. Maybe, when you watch someone with an exceptionally large dick sticking it into some small asshole, you say, "Damn, that must hurt," but then you say with much satisfaction, "Yeah."

What is it about masculine and masculine together? Is it like two butches together? Do lesbian femmes get off on gay porn too?

Rita: I am a femme and I like masculinity in all forms. Sometimes I identify with it, sometimes I am its opposite. The power, the muscles, the cocks. You can be anything you want to be in your fantasies. That's the freedom.

Sharon: I like man on man stuff because I like to make them sexy, vulnerable. That excites me because it's such a no-no for a man to be that way.

Gillian: The "world of men" offers opportunities for particular fantasies I like. For example, there are many stories of torture and abuse in military situations. Military contexts provide many occasions for control, interrogation, gang fucks, degradation, and anal sex. Anal sex is one of the main reasons I like gay male porn. It turns me on a lot and it is more routinely present in gay men's material than in lesbian or straight porn.

Gay men's SM porn is not only of relatively high quality, it is also queer. Although I can read heterosexual material as well, I am usually more comfortable with same sex material even if the sex is male.

If someone, in all sincerity, asked you, "I don't understand. How can you fantasize about men and not be straight or bi?", what would you answer?

Terry: My orgasms center around the fact of what gets me off. The "whats" that get me off have nothing to do with the fact that I'm a lesbian. I am a lesbian not because I can only have orgasms with women but because it is most comfortable to me to love women in all ways. It feels right.

Gillian: Well, I am not straight or bi. In the first place, I do not subscribe to the separatist definitions of lesbianism that require that a woman much be 100% pure of male contact or a virgin after coming out, in order to qualify as a lesbian. I think it is idiotic not to recognize that lesbians, like any other sexual category, encompass a range of preference and behavior. I think a woman is a lesbian if her predominant sexual passions and conjugal/affectional intimacies are with women. I have been a lesbian for 20 years. During that time I have fucked with men maybe a half dozen times, and have had many male friends, but all my sexually based passions and relationships, and the overwhelming preponderance of my sexual activities have been with women. On the Kinsey scale, I am probably about a 5.99. I do not think this makes me a bisexual, and I do not think that one must be a Kinsey 6 to be a lesbian (on the Kinsey scale from 0 to 6, a bisexual is a 3).

There is a difference between my fantasies, in which I often am a man or fucked by a man, and what I do. Fantasies are hungrier than bodies. In fantasy, I enjoy a lot of things that would disgust me to actually perform. In real life, I find sexual contact with men generally difficult and distasteful.

My sexuality runs deep and wide towards women. It is women who turn me on, get me into bed, make me happy, give me heartache, provide excitement and drama and misery and romance and orgasm. Getting off on gay porn does not change that. I do not think there is anything wrong with being bisexual or heterosexual. But it ain't me, babe. If I ain't a dyke, everyone reading this is a cantaloupe. Δ

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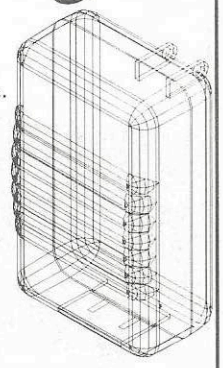

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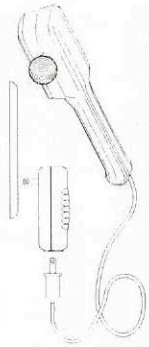

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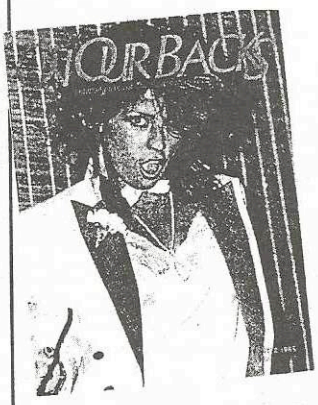

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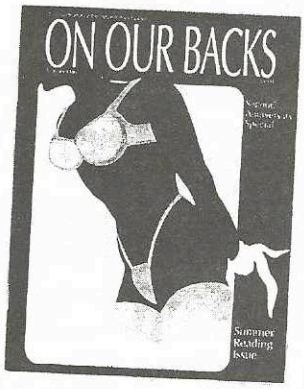

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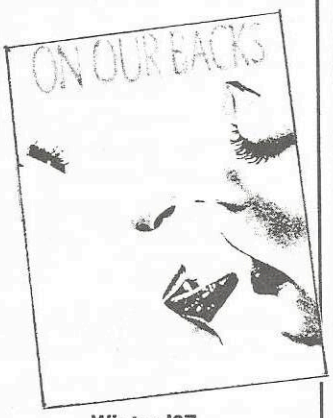

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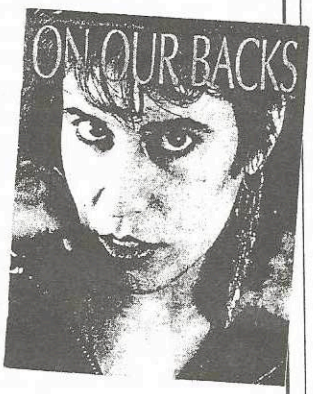

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WELL ADJUSTED *(cont'd from page 18)*

beginning, I walked like Quasimodo. A few weeks of treatments from Art Mueller, a high school crony of mine turned chiropractor, and I was better than good. My hands–to–spine relationship with Art lasted until he was swept off his feet by a rodeo cowboy.

When Art packed it in and moved to Montana, I got a tip on a woman chiropractor. I jumped at the chance, and from the moment I saw the Provincetown print on the waiting room wall, I knew Lynn Tobias was the doctor of my dreams.

I sat on the adjustment table and rotated my shoulder, testing for tenderness. It felt like there was ground glass in my rotor cuff. The result of my high–speed impact with a door frame, no doubt.

The incoming scent of Eternity distracted me from assessing my injuries. Every visit to Lynn was a battle to keep from losing my cool. She was technically proficient, the utterly perfect femme. I wanted to pin her beneath me on the table and fuck her silly. This was just a typical fantasy. What drove me crazy were the other dreams I had for her.

Maybe I looked too deeply, applied innuendoes where none existed. But there was a lingering sadness about this woman. She had never known her parents. She had no living relatives except three distant cousins. And her lover, I'd heard, was a bona fide shit, so slovenly that she refused to do anything around their six–bedroom mansion, or take the BMW to be washed. She'd been living in a women's shelter when Lynn met her.

This information was not freely shared. The good doctor had no idea I knew her secrets. I had friends who traveled in her circles. Since I had been creaming for Lynn from day one, my pals obliged. They saw no harm in teasing a married dyke like me. I had been with Sally for three years, and if I stuck with her much longer I was going to end up in the women's shelter myself.

"Nice to see you, Jilly." Lynn blew into the room like a cool breeze. I could feel the wetness seeping from me immediately, in anticipation of the usual Tobias Tease. She was a master.

I looked evenly at her. "Thanks, doc." Her mint green eyes met mine, gaze unwavering. A trick of the trade. "Same here. How's things?"

"Good, and you?"

"I'm hurtin'."

She cocked an eyebrow at me. "The ever–popular fall down the stairs?"

"Why don't I like the way you say that?"

"Because you know me."

"I don't know you at all, Lynn," I said. "Don't pretend I do."

She ran a hand through her hair, a move so erotic that I knew she had to have practiced it in front of a mirror. "So be it. But as your doctor, I'm asking you what happened."

"And as your patient, I'm taking the fifth."

She sighed and put her hands on my shoulders, easing me down face–up on the table. She looked into my eyes the whole time. She began an adjustment and leaned over me. I caught a glimpse of lace between her blouse; the swell of her breasts. My mouth watered. I squeezed my eyes shut as she worked her fingers over my xyphoid.

"Does that hurt as well?" she asked.

I chuckled. "In more ways than I can explain." Her eyes flashed, just for a moment, then became icy mint again. I pushed my edge without tipping my hand. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Yes." She tapped my quadricep with a palm, "But first let's turn you over." I stood gingerly and lowered myself prone onto the table.

While she was toying with my sacrum, I ventured, "Why is it important for you to know what really happened to me?"

"Well, in terms of patient care, the mechanism of injury usually..."

That did it.

"Oh, bullshit, Lynne," I charged. "You want things, and you don't have a clue how to go about getting them." Why was I losing my temper with her?

"Jill, I don't have a clue as to what you're talking about."

I pushed her hands away and sat straight up. "You want some honest patient response, Dr. Tobias? Well, here it is: Sally and her Jack Daniels used me for a punching bag. It was loads of fun."

"What?" Lynn's hands touched my face gently before I could get cold and arrogant on her.

I sighed. "Yeah, but enough about me. Let's talk about what's going to happen to us."

"What are you talking about? What do you want?"

"I want some honest doctor response." I placed my hands on the soft curve of Lynn's jaw and pulled her toward me, smothering her lips before she could utter a syllable. "Lynn..." I put my arms around her and took her ass in my hands, holding her fast. I could feel the hard points of her breasts against mine.

She motioned me to lock the door. A chill went through me when the lock clicked. For a terrible moment, I remembered what happened last time I got what I wanted. I gritted my teeth. If at first you don't succeed...

I returned to her, and this time her hands reached to my chest. She couldn't look in my eyes anymore. I pushed the double–breasted linen jacket from her shoulders and let it fall onto the carpet.

She was so slight, like a small, perfect flower. I carefully separated the silk folds of her blouse. The bra undone, her breasts tumbled into my hands. I rolled her nipples between my fingers, feeling the aureolae pucker. She tried to say something, but it was just buried sighs. She was aching.

I tongued one breast, then the other, like an infant. Lynn pulled all my hair into her hands, yanking my mouth tight against her. Growling, I tugged at her skirt.

She straddled the adjusting table and bunched her dress up to her hips. The hair around her cunt was trimmed, and glistened with her juices. No more cordial distance now.

I pulled her to my lips and drummed sweet rhythm on her clit. She picked up the tempo and ground hard into my mouth, her pussy covering my face and chin. I was so involved in her that the orgasms crashing through my body with the power of a depth charge were secondary. I parted her lips and drove my hand hard into her cunt, meeting her cervix at each stroke.

"Jill," she moaned, "Fuck me. Don't stop. Don't stop." But then she stopped, she collapsed, she shuddered endlessly. Her teeth bit into my neck and held. Her breathing slowed gradually.

I stroked her ass and lower back with my fingertips. She didn't move. The "you're–a–fucking–bore" tirade I expected wasn't forthcoming. I blinked back the thought. Lynn planted gentle kisses up the length of my body. She caressed my lips for a moment and sighed.

Drawing herself up, she composed herself. But this facade was different: I wasn't shut out.

"I think you ought to stay here, Jilly," Lynn said.

I licked the taste of her from my fingers. "Why is that?" Contentment was a feeling I could get used to.

"I think you may need another adjustment." Δ

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CONTRIBUTORS

After spending two–and–a–half unenlightened years in college, **Gina Dellate** now works on an ambulance in New York City and writes novels. This is her first published story. **minns** is a California writer whose fictional subjects include vampires, gorillas and everything in between. Our cover photographer and tantric sexpert **Annie Sprinkle** says sex is her hobby, politics, spiritual discipline, expertise, main source of income, only photographic subject matter, and main topic of thought and conversation. We're still missing **Tracy Mostovoy** around here, she's moved to NY and is, as always, up to no good. **Heidi Machen** was born 3/26/66 and spent her formative years in the repressive Southern environment of Alabama. In search of like-minded people, she migrated to San Francisco, her home for the past 5 years. She's a senior student of photography at SF State. Her photography has appeared in *Alchemy* magazine. **Jessica Fisher** abandoned a legal career, fortunately for the lesbian community, to pursue her calling in erotic photography. **J.A. Cherry** always said she'd be saved by the love of a good woman—seems she found that woman and recently got married to her. Congratulations! **Kelly Dylan** is a photographer and independent phone sex entrepreneur living in San Francisco. **Petreré**, winner of our 1989 Lesbian Erotic Photography contest, likes to play with computers all day long, but at night prefers playing with her model. She's hiding out in the Circle City until the world is ready for her. **Audran Deaulon** is one-half of the team who brought us Tavana & Vanessa, our hot-tubbing couple in the Spring '88 issue. **Lesley Kushner** is a graphic designer and photographer who left conservative DC for the wilds of the west coast. Her studio is O'No Design. **Danielle Willis** is taking a break from exotic dancing to spend the summer on Kate Millet's farm. Her first book of poetry, *Corpse Delectable*, can be ordered from Hydraulic Press, PO Box 880114, SF CA 94188. **Greta Christina** has appeared in the lesbian sex video "Clips," in the May–June issue of *On Our Backs*, has performed in a live sex show for a women's play club in San Francisco, and still thinks that being given money for writing is more exciting than almost anything in the universe ever. **Myra Fourwinds** is on an extended visit to South America—we're looking forward to her hottest snapshots. **Erica Marcus** is a photographer, filmmaker, and adventurer, and a very loyal friend. **Kathy Michael** is a "lipstick femme" devoted to the pursuit of sexual fantasies, neo-classic designs, photography, film collecting and body building. **Honey Lee Cottrell** , a San Francisco queer photographer/writer is in love with her new Hasselblad ELM (that means it has a motor drive). **Veronica Vera** is creator of the theory of Sexual Evolution and a promoter of sex positivism. She is an artist/writer/propagandist/self-documentarian/animal goddess and a fucking optimist. **Errata:** The review of **Macho Sluts** which appeared in the Winter '89 issue inadvertently carried **Sue O'Sullivan's** name as one of the reviewers. In fact, with the exception of a few sentences the review was the work of **Maryhope Tobin.** Special thanks to **Lee Upton at Stagecoach Western Apparel** in San Francisco for advice and the use of clothing and accessories for the *Rodeo* photo in our March/April issue.

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WICKED WOMEN

Australia's only lesbian S/M–sex magazine. One–handed reading of the raunchy kind. $40 for six issues. PO Box 305, Redfern, Sydney, Australia 2016.

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Traveling to Atlanta or the Southeast? *ETCETERA*, the Southeast's most widely read weekly magazine is available for only $2.00 per issue. Send to: ETC, P.O. Box 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306.

BAD ATTITUDE

A lesbian sex magazine. Hot and irreverent. Publishing since 1984. $12 for a three issue subscription / $4 for a sample copy. Send check or money order to: Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

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QUIM

Britain's first sex magazine for lesbians covers sex, relationships, culture and the arts. Unique, controversial, and long overdue. Send $6.00 to QUIM, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX.

GAY COMMUNITY NEWS

On the cutting edge of sexual politics. Available by subscription: GCN, 62 Berkeley St., Boston, MA 02114. $33/year; $20/25 weeks; $12/low income. Gay Community News: the premier newsweekly!

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman S/M. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Sub: $13/four issues. Single issues: $4. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

CONDITIONS

Conditions is a feminist magazine, with emphasis on writing by lesbians. The *Conditions* collective is comprised of editors whose diverse cultural, racial and regional backgrounds reflect the magazine's continuing concern with recording the experiences and viewpoints of women of color, lesbians, working class, older and disabled women. $24 subscription for 3 issues, $8.95 for single issue. Checks payable to *Conditions*, P.O. Box 150056, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, New York 11215-0001.

EIDOS

Feminist "porn" tabloid of sexual freedom and erotic entertaiment for women, men and couples of all sexual orientations, preferences, and lifestyles. Sample Issue: $5. 4-Issue Subscription: $18. EIDOS, PO Box 96, Boston, MA 02137-0096.

GROUPS

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Lesbian Alumnae of Wellesley (LAW) was formed to help lesbian alumnae contact each other and to create a supportive network for ourselves. Absolutely confidential! Quarterly newsletter. For information: LAW, PO Box 42, Cambridge, MA 02140.

MT HOLYOKE

All lesbian and bisexual women with connections to MHC welcome — hundreds nationwide. Send long SASE, ideas to D. Albino, 119 Dakota, Dorchester, MA 02124.

S/M INDIANAPOLIS

Sweet Misery, a lesbian S/M group, has formed in Indianapolis. Contact: Sweet Misery, PO Box 11690, Indianapolis, IN 46201-0690.

S/M SEATTLE

Outer Limits is an educational support and social group for lesbian S/M women in the Seattle area. Outer Limits, PO Box 22805, Seattle, WA 98122

BUSINESS

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First and only safe sex kit in the coutnry made exclusively for and by lesbians to personally fit your needs. Kit includes condoms, dental dams, finger cots, gloves, lube and information! Shipped discretely. $10.00. Sherri Sharpe, 2463 Shea Drive, Macon GA 31206.

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BE A SAN FRANCISCO LESBIAN SEX STAR (OR LOOK JUST LIKE ONE)

On Our Backs needs you; clothed, naked, having sex or having fun, looking seductive or being outrageous. We have experienced photographers who would like to work with you. Bay Area preferred. Don't hesitate! Send for our model application. Write to: Lulu, OOB-Models, 526 Castro, SF, CA 94114

WANTED: BOOKWORM/ MOVIE NERD

With sexy, discriminating taste. *On Our Backs* needs a book, film, and video columnist who watches and reads everything of interest to lesbians, whether underground or mainstream. The reviews critic of our dreams writes sharp, insightful editorial opinion on culture of interest to our readers. Are you her? Send a sample of your writing and a letter of interest to Susie Bright, *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

GOSSIP WITH THE BEST

in San Francisco. *On Our Backs* needs volunteeers to sit around a table and help do bulk mailings from time to time. We call you on a weeks notice and you show up to stuff, lick, sort and dish with our fabulously hip and overworked staff. Drinks and chips are on us. We Need You! Call Greta and leave your daytime number: (415) 861-4723.

DRAW THE LESBIAN

On Our Backs is looking for a few good illustrators who can provide inspiring representation for our fiction and features. Send stats or photocopies of your work (do not send originals!) to Jill Posener, *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, San Francisco, Ca 94114.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS
ARE FOR WOMEN
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A CATCHY HEADLINE

Happily deranged 27–year–old, SF Bay Area, seeks smart, funny open–minded sex fiend for intimate relationship. I like inane sixth-grade humor, bizarre disturbing music, light–to– moderate S/M (mostly bottom, some top), therapy, the Oakland As, and fucking. I despise television, monogamy, cigarettes, heavy drinkers and Republicans. Tie me up and read to me from "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy." Send letter and photo, xerox or used office supplies to Box 493.

IRREVERENT BAR SLUT

In New Orleans. Will meet, greet, possibly entertain travelers. I am GWF, 28, 5'9", 130 lbs., black/brown, into just about everything sexual, not racially inhibited. If you're planning a trip to N.O. or if I can talk you into one, great. I drink and smoke, am financially secure, politically incorrect, and reckless as hell. Box 563.

ATTRACTIVE BUTCH WANTS FEMME

Serious and monogamous only. No pain. No humiliation. I'm extremely attracted to pretty femmes, 5'6" or less, of average weight, ages 23–45. I'm muscular, trim, pretty, handsome, 35, 5'4", with shoulder–length blonde hair and green eyes. Sometimes I crossdress. I'm sexual, aggressive, and educated. Write, if you'll relocate to Los Angeles and if you want a monogamous relationship. Absolutely no drugs, alcohol or cigarettes. Take a chance, pretty femme. I'm a classy butch. Box 528.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PA
Atrractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send Photo. Box 456.

MOVING TO SAN FRAN
Attractive 25-year-old GWF (tall, blonde and slender) moving to San Francisco. I play to fly out during August 1989 to check out the bars, apartments, women, etc...I have never been to San Francisco and would like someone to acquaint me with the city. I hear SF is a great place to live and that the women are hot, but I would rather see it than hear it. Any help is greatly appreciated. Box 566.

LOS ANGELES
The days on the beach are wonderful, but I'm missing a strong, exciting, caring, kinky woman to make the nights perfect. I'm 32, Aquarian, voluptuous (but it's not all fat) with gorgeous tits and beautiful green eyes. You are...interested? Box 567.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
Feminine, submissive GF, late 30s, seeks dominant butch for mutual fantasy exploration. I am looking for a woman who is strict but compassionate, who can help me grow through new experiences, and who recognizes and respects limits. I am slender, attractive, intelligent and college-educated, and would like my partner to be the same. Please reply only if you are interested in a quality sexual relationship. Box 568.

EAST COAST DYKE BIKERS
Defiant, sexy bottom needs to feel and respond to the ultimate vibrator. This bitch's tolerances are high, her only vice being a voracious mania for fucking, eagerly awaiting a wicked rough top to ravish me on and off her bike. Let our leather melt together. Box 569.

COMING TO SAN FRANCISCO
Attractive German tourist (24) visiting San Francisco in August/September, sensitive, humorous, independent, looking for correspondence and friends who will show me the lesbian side of SF. Looking forward to hearing from you. Box 571.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals
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FEMME DYKE IN NEED
Sexy 23 GWF arriving SF September. Seeks apartment, tour guide, etc. Box 572.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL BUTCH
I am 5'4", smooth fair skin, looking for GW Femme in NYC. Let me satisfy you. Box 575.

BOUND TO PLEASE
Sexy blonde femme, 25, desires very attractive, feminine dominant to initiate me into the world of bondage and submission. No pain, no drugs. Your photo gets mine in Michigan. Box 576.

LUST IN VERMONT
Seeking femme submissive with sense of humor. Box 588.

WANTED: SKY FROM MA
180 miles west of you. Your cards were great. Please get back in touch. Re: 'P-Town Desires... Summer 88.' Box 580.

HOUSTON SEEKS VISITOR
Attractive, healthy and hot femme, 32, seeks visiting butch for playful discipline and fantasy actualization. Enjoy being very submissive to hot, tall, demanding mistress. No commitment, just playmate. Letter detailing desires with photo will get same. No heavy drugs or cigarettes. Box 560.

COME IN NEW YORK
GWF attractive slim poor top seeks wealthy bottom to shower me with gifts and other things! Obedience required. Box 581.

BOSTON AREA FUCK-BUDDY NEEDED
Attractive, intelligent lesbian looking for same, 25-35, for good hard fuck. Into light S/M (mostly top, some bottom), butt-fucking, and eating your hot pussy. Isn't there anyone in Boston who likes sex? Box 582.

I'M INSATIABLE
Middle age frenzy has struck. Can u satisfy every inch of my tall, moderately masochistic ample frame? My knees go weak for moderately dominant-sadistic, big butch women. Hurry! I'm horny as hell! Pacific No. West. Box 584.

POTENTIAL FRIENDS AND LOVERS
Houston butchy-femme GWF, 32, seeks the above to meet, top, or play with. Box 585.

VOYEUR SEEKS EXHIBITIONISTS
Does the thought of being observed by a beautiful woman turn you on? I hope so, because I love to watch lesbians having sex together or lesbians having sex alone! I am a 35 yr old, very attractive, lesbian of color and can't get enough of women making love. If this sounds intriguing, send a note with photo and let's do it! Like S/M scenes too, not just vanilla. Lesbians only! Los Angeles area. Box 586.

GODDESS-DOMINANT TRIAD
Pagan, adventurous and mature couple living lesbian love and life-style without regard to gender seek communication with other women on the triadic experience of fulfillment and enlightenment. Char and Jo. Box 587.

MACHO SLUT IN TORONTO
Submissive female seeks open-minded sexually dominant in Toronto "The Good." I am petite, 30-something, enjoy bondage and moderate pain. Any race or age welcome. Box 589.

ATTENTION: RYAN M.
If you're still single, and would like to hear me call you "Officer," please write! Glen Falls isn't fare from here, and I sure miss your letters. I lost your address. Box 590.

WEST COAST HEDONIST?
Pleasures of the flesh and soul do not scare me. Are you ready, too? I have breasts that need your attention. Can you handle an amazon who is at peace, comfortable and sensual? No drugs, alcohol, or power trips please. Box 592.

A DOUBLE PLEASURE'S WAITING FOR YOU
Butch/Femme couple seeking attractive Femme bottom for play. Eagerness to learn nuances of lesbian cock worship, role play and light SM. Serve both master and mistress. Letter and photo to 584 Castro #253, SF CA 94114.

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR
Lesbian Daddy seeks lesbian brother to assist with unruly daughter. Must be skilled in the finer arts of dominance, cock play, discipline and SM. Interested in being an "Uncle"? If so, let's play house! Letter and photo to 584 Castro #253, SF CA 94114.

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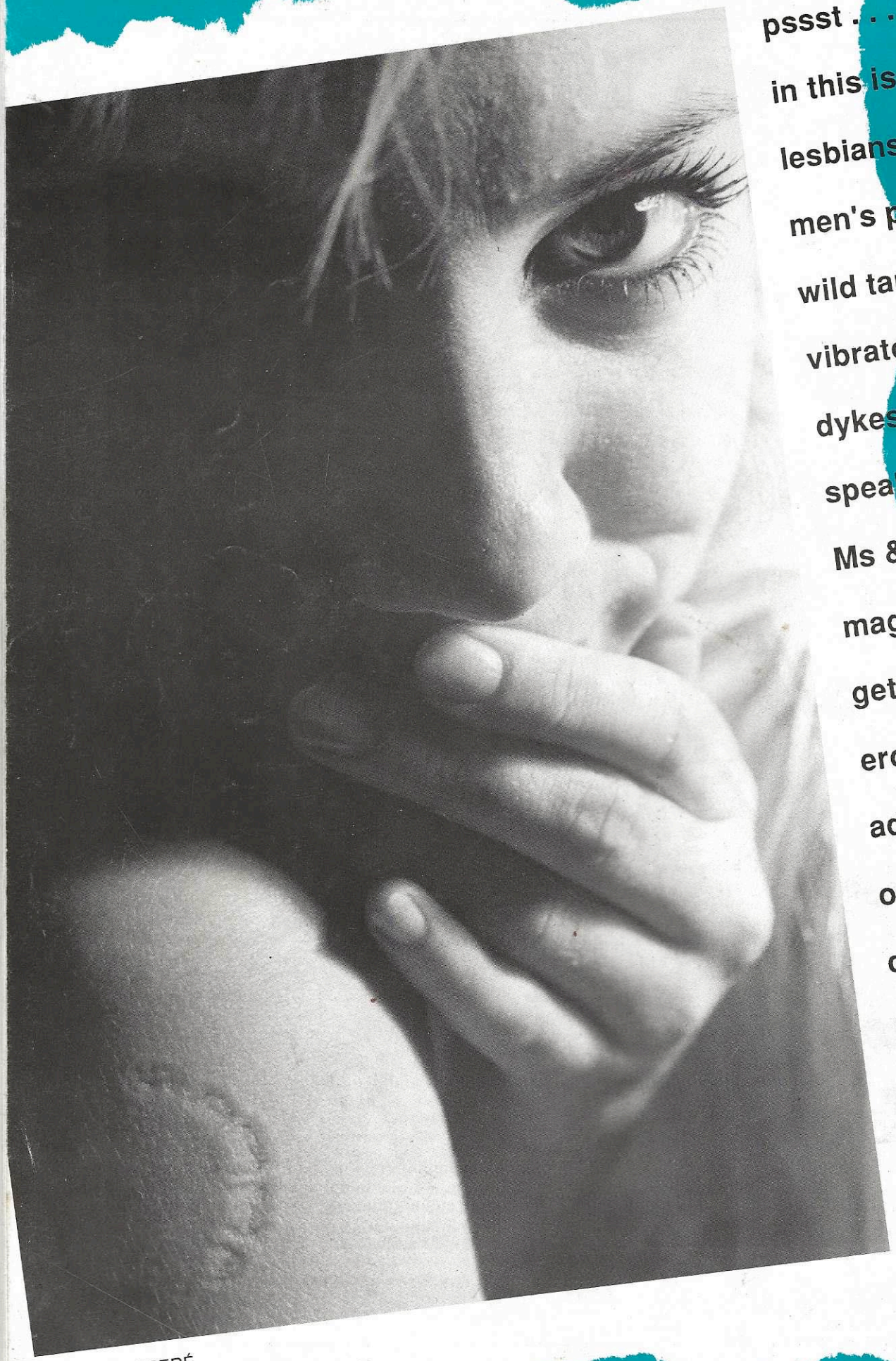

PHOTO: PETRERÉ

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in this issue:

lesbians look at gay men's porn,

wild tantric vibrator sex,

dykes with AIDS speak out,

Ms & Cosmo magazines get kinky,

erotic adventures on the chiropractor's bench, and

more . . .